

# THE SATIRIST,

OR

## MONTHLY METEOR.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1807.

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### MILLER'S ASSES.

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MR. SATIRIST,

THE public have been so repeatedly imposed upon by tales of wonder, as false, and almost as ridiculous, as those of Monk Ghost Lewis, Esquire, that it is more than probable they will not implicitly believe that which I am about to relate: nevertheless I assure you, upon the honour of a poet (N. B. I once wrote an epitaph on a fox who died in a *hen-roost*), that it contains infinitely more truth than any of those to which I have above alluded.

During the present summer (the precise night I do not recollect) I was walking down Piccadilly, about that hour when *rogues* go forth, and honest men retire to their pillows, or, to express myself more poetically, "when troubled spirits quit their narrow cells;" the moon shone particularly bright, and being a great admirer of that "*brain-compelling*" luminary, I was contemplating the beauties of her large round face, when suddenly the noise of approaching footsteps struck mine ears: not much alarmed, I did precisely what you, Mr. Satirist, would have done

in a similar situation, viz. turned my eyes towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, and beheld advancing a more extraordinary group than ever was depicted by the pen of Cervantes, or the pencil of Hogarth. A lady of comely countenance, and portly figure, headed the procession: she appeared somewhat intoxicated, but whether with success or liquor I was unable to determine. In her left hand was a variety of papers, which, had she not been too well drest for a vagrant, I should have taken for orders of *settlement*, particularly as the names of several well known towns and places were inscribed thereon; her right hand held the halter of an *ass*, who was loaded with an immense sack, out of one end of which appeared the head of a *dead Fox*, whose *brush* was also obtruded through another hole in the upper part: several other asses and their grotesque attendants followed. I stopt at the top of Albemarle-street, where the whole procession halted. The first and *greatest ass* seemed completely *unequal to his task*, and was nearly sinking beneath his burden, when a lady of immense bulk, who had been goading the poor animal behind, stept forward, and endeavoured to force a little *Godfrey's cordial* down his throat, but he appeared to have been *surfeited* with that disagreeable mixture, and would not swallow it; his fair leader declared that some *Holland's gin* was better adapted to his constitution, which he swallowed very quietly.

I now ventured to address the latter lady, and politely inquired from whence she and her companions came, and whither they were going. She answered, that, as for herself, it was difficult to explain whence she came, as in her journey through life she had been at so many places. "In short, Sir," said she, "I have been a public performer; and in pursuing my profession I have visited not only WALES, but *Derby*, *Bolingbroke*, and a long

&c. I came last from ST. ANNE'S HILL, and am now, as you perceive, in the VALE of years. My present employment is to lead a MILLER'S ass, and a fine animal he is, now that lady" (pointing to the huge personage before mentioned) "has tamed him. When young he was very wild, but he happened one day to run away with her, and, ecod! she has made him repent it ever since. Though he has been in Spain he is not a Spanish ass, but a Hollander; indeed you may perceive by the breadth of his posteriors that he is Dutch built: he and all these other asses are now laden with materials for a MILLER who resides in this street." "Good heavens!" exclaimed I, "is there a MILLER in Albemarle-street?" "Yes, Sir," replied she, "a paper miller, and a very honest and liberal fellow he is, at least we have found him so."\* As she concluded this sentence one of the long-eared brethren brayed most woefully, and I perceived the poor beast was groaning beneath "THE MISERIES OF HUMAN" (or rather of *asinine*) "LIFE." They now all passed on, and I had an opportunity of observing them very distinctly. One of the donkeys appeared to be rather mangy, and to have rubbed all the skin off his hinder parts, which had in consequence been humanely covered with a kelt: this induced me to believe that he was a SCOT; and I was convinced that my opinion was correct by his voracity, for he bit at every thing within his reach, although his attendant told me he once fed on a most productive LAY;† but, alas! poor creature, it was his LAST: he was now heavily laden with dry goods, in which the MILLER occasionally deals; and though lame, he seemed a very hard-working

\* We also can bear testimony to the liberality, honesty, and respectability of the miller alluded to; and we are sure he possesses too much good sense to be offended with our correspondent for the liberty he has taken with his name.

† "Lay, a meadow."—JOHNSON.



*ass.* While I contemplated this *Scottish donkey*, a figure, which I am certain was the ghost of Dryden (and I positively never believed in ghosts till that moment) seized him by the tail, and endeavoured to prevent his entering the MILLER's habitation, but the beast kicked so furiously, that he *materially injured the spirit of the poet*, which he caused to disappear.

A fourth ass was adorned with *painted* trappings: it was very evident that the MILLER made a great deal of this animal, for his *Foster-brother* could not have been more richly caparisoned.

There were many *inferior asses*, but as they all now entered the MILLER's door I was unable to obtain further particulars. While the procession halted I made the sketch which accompanies this; and I cannot help thinking that by publishing it in your next number you will afford some amusement to your very numerous readers.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

*Fox-court, Aug. 9, 1808.*

PETER PRY.

### BACON'S STATUE OF WILLIAM III.

MR. SATIRIST,

PASSING lately through St. James'-square I observed a throng of men, women, and children, clinging to the railing which encloses the centre, with their eyes fixed on an equestrian statue that appeared to have been newly erected. The mouths of the greater part of the spectators were, I observed, extended latitudinally from ear to ear; others expressed their deep wonder by an extraordinary gravitation of their chins; and a few, whose minds seemed a little better regulated, turned away their faces in silent contempt. Being a stranger in these parts, I was at



a loss to know what great man's memory this statue was meant to perpetuate. By the costume it appeared intended to represent one of the Cæsars; and our rulers, I thought, might have deemed it prudent, in this momentous period, to remind the people that they had been invaded and conquered. As the ingenious Mr. Bolton had of late been employed in stamping our copper coins with the head of our beloved sovereign, George III., the mass of mettle before me I naturally enough concluded to have come from the same shop, and for a *Brumisham Cæsar* the thing might pass well enough.

Being soon tired, however, of the statue, I fell to admiring the masonry of the pedestal, and to my great surprise saw inscribed on it, in gilt characters, *Gulielmus III.* From a staunch Whig I instantly became an inveterate Tory; and with all my prejudices in favour of liberty of conscience, would have preferred going to mass with King James to the privilege of entering a church with the pert capering puppy before me. It is not easy to decide which of the two animals, the horse or his rider, is the most contemptible; each seems of each the "brazen brainless brother;" and if what Leonardo da Vinci asserts be true, that every artist in his work depicts himself, Mr. Bacon has the consolation of knowing that he can never die of a brain fever. But if Mr. Bacon had not where-withal to furnish his hero's head, he has made ample amends in the fulness of his horse's tail, which every beholder remarked was the thickest, the longest, the bushiest, the curliest, and most voluminous tail in the universe: in short, that it was a *tail of wonder!!!* and here the artist, by a peculiar happiness of execution, I believe—most certainly not of thought—has contrived to lead the attention of the spectator to this monstrous excrescency of hair by the marked weakness of the flanks and hinder legs, which seem very naturally drawn down by it,

and sinking beneath their load. Some have conjectured, however, and with great apparent plausability, that in the action of the hinder legs, and the whimsical twist of the animal's head, Mr. Bacon meant to illustrate those lines in Pope :

*The Horse*

“ Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more,  
And fears his hind legs will o’ertake his fore.”

But from the general appearance of the statue, I acquit Mr. Bacon of having ever entertained so ingenious a thought.

That an artist in designing a statue of a distinguished personage of his own times, has to encounter many difficulties, will readily be granted. The man whose face and appearance are become familiar to the multitude by repeated observations, is not easily elevated to the ideal character of a hero, the artist feels himself, therefore, under the necessity of resorting to the ancient costume, in order to invest his subject with becoming dignity. But to this expedient Mr. Bacon was not imperiously driven. The period of King William's glory is sufficiently removed from modern times for the sculptor to have availed himself, in part at least, if not altogether of the whole truth of representation. The use of the cuirass was not yet laid aside : and many other particulars of the dress worn in that reign, are sufficiently picturesque to have been adapted by a judicious artist with the happiest effect.

These animadversions on a work certainly below mediocrity, and which might very well, therefore, have passed unnoticed, Mr. Bacon has drawn upon himself by his silly vanity and intrepid empiricism. Had he silently dragged his miserable performance from the place of execution in Newman-street to St. James's-square, it might have remained there as long as the single leg it stands

upon could have supported it, a silent monument of reproach at once to the projectors and to the artist. But not content with the emolument for which he laboured, he has decked himself with the honours he has not earned; and after inviting the population of London to view what he should have blushed to have shewn, he pollutes the press with hired panegyric and prostituted criticism, and sanctifies the deed by humbly imploring—new commissions for snivelling cherubin from the faithful at the Tabernacle.

*August 9, 1808.*

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### THE DAWN OF SPANISH LIBERTY.

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“DESTRUCTION to the fell ferocious bands,  
Who swarm like hungry locusts in our lands;  
And, from the honest hand of brawny toil,  
Extort the produce of the bounteous soil!  
Though long, beneath th’insulting tyrant’s sway,  
Fast bound, in bonds of servitude, we lay;  
Indignant gnawed our sorely-galling chain,  
And mourned the sunken state of abject Spain:—  
We mourn, we lie in servitude, no more!  
The reign of Gallic despotism is o’er!  
Justice the sword of retribution draws,  
And nerves our arm in Freedom’s holy cause!  
Oppressed Iberia! raise thy drooping head;  
Rise from dishonour’s foul polluting bed;  
Lo! where thy sons collect in countless throngs,  
To break thy fetters and avenge thy wrongs.  
Trembling with rage, as memory presents  
Her black, but faithful, sketch of past events;



To Freedom's banner anxiously they press,  
Brandish their arms, and clamour for redress!  
And still to Honour's finest feelings true,  
Where she directs they eagerly pursue.  
Touched with a gen'rous sympathetic flame,  
The same our stake, our ardour is the same:  
From those who boast of honours, wealth, or birth,  
To those, obscure, who cultivate the earth,—  
One heart, one purpose, one puissant hand,  
Is raised to drive th' oppressors from the land;  
And soon th' astonished world shall joy to see  
What men can do who nobly dare be free!"

Such were the sounds, so ran the solemn strain,  
That spoke the kindling energies of Spain!  
The nations, petrified with wonder, stood  
In mute suspense, and shuddered as they viewed!  
France heard, and trembled through her ev'ry coast,  
Whilst gen'ral consternation seized her host;  
And states, who long her heaviest burdens bore,  
Felt a sensation long suppressed before!

So when, with rapid course, the kindling fire  
Arrays in solemn light the lofty pyre;  
Warmed by the heat, or gilded by the blaze,  
Each object feels the influence of its rays;  
The hill, the vale, the castle, and the shed,  
Their hues forego, and clothe themselves in red;  
And, as the flames with greater fury rise,  
Unwonted glowings tinge the heated skies.

Degen'rate France! whose undulating throne  
Stands on the feeble base of wrong alone;  
Whose might, though cowards fear, true Patriots scorn,  
How is thine iron arm of power shorn!  
And thou who, self-invited to thy throne,  
Deputest kings to kingdoms not thine own;

Who on the necks of subject-kings hast trod,  
Thou scourge of nations, and thou foe of God !  
Tremble to see that solemn hour advance,  
When vengeance, long delayed, shall light on France !  
The sons of Portugal already glow  
With indignation 'gainst the common foe ;  
Already, in the land of arts and ease,  
The flag of Freedom frolics to the breeze !  
Soon on Helvetia's mountains, capp'd with snow,  
The beacon of Revolt shall brightly glow ;  
And soon, aspiring proudly to the skies,  
Imperial Austria's eagles shall arise.  
Hark, hark ! methinks I hear the trumpet's bray,  
I see the dawn of that auspicious day,  
When Europe's gen'ral legions shall combine  
"To weave the bloody tissue of thy line!"  
Lo! fraught with Indignation's sternest rage,  
Like hungry lions they the combat wage ;  
Sword meets with sword, with halberts halberts clash,  
Affrighted Terra trembles at the crash !  
—Hark ! what implies that long-extended roar ?  
"Proud France is fall'n ! her iron-reign is o'er !"   
Sons of Iberia ! bravely have ye done !  
Complete the work so gloriously begun ;  
United, in the conflict persevere,  
And full success your gen'rous hearts shall cheer.  
All nations turn on you their ardent gaze,  
In mingled joy, and hope, and deep amaze :  
And, lo ! Britannia, who has borne so long  
The brunt of battle to avenge *their* wrong ;  
Extends a friendly and a mighty hand  
To reinstate in happiness your land.  
See where her gallant barks triumphant ride,  
In conscious lordship, o'er the subject tide ;

To you more precious are their martial stores  
 Than all the wealth that rich Golconda pours :  
 They come—(Oh, Spaniards ! let the song of joy  
 And gratitude your ev'ry heart employ !)  
 They come, to bid the rage of Gallia cease—  
 TO GIVE YOU FREEDOM, AND EUROPA PEACE !

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THE CANTAB.

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No. VI.

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AFTER the very ample specimens that we have given of Cambridge morality, it will surely be unnecessary to descant upon the danger to which even the most inflexible virtue, and the greatest prematurity of judgment, must be exposed by the solicitation or the example of companions, and the perpetual recurrence of temptation. We seriously believe that no man whose income enabled him to indulge in what is called by collegians respectable society, ever left the university without having reason to regret the corruption of his principles, and the obliteration of many of those virtuous and honourable feelings which render the first prospect of the groves of Academus so delightful to youthful enthusiasm. The Fellows of a college are contemplated by the undisciplined fancy of a schoolboy as men whose lives are devoted exclusively to the practice of virtue and the cultivation of literature; and whose manners, while they emulate the simplicity of the heathen philosophers, derive additional interest from the superiority of their learning, and the pure and holy character of that religion of which they are the ministers. When he brings to his recollection the companions of his



childhood, and remembers the generosity of feeling, the purity of sentiment, and the abhorrence of premeditated vice, which distinguished his progress, from his entrance at school to his departure for the university, he is willing to indulge the reveries of his imagination, by believing that he still retains the same sensibility of feeling, and the same reverence for virtue, ornamented by greater variety of learning, and a more extensive knowledge of the world. He anticipates in idea the satisfaction to be derived from an intercourse with society so virtuous and elegant, undisturbed by the cares of business and the anxieties of unlawful pleasure.

But no sooner has he conquered the first impressions of surprise and prejudice than the delusion vanishes. He finds that the Fellows of a college too often possess the vices of more fashionable coxcombs, without their suavity of manners; that there are other objects of ambition than a reputation for literature; and that the precepts of a clergyman may differ very widely from his practice. Instead of finding in the companion of his childhood the sincerity of youth, or the dignity of virtue, he probably discovers that his only sources of enjoyment are his bottle and his mistress; that he is extravagant in his expences, disobedient to his tutors, ungrateful to his parents, regardless of religion, and a professed votary of drunkenness and debauchery. From such society it is not probable that, if his expences be unrestrained, he will be able to escape without pollution. He finds that, to enjoy the company of his friends, he must participate in their vices; and the struggle is seldom long between principle on one side, and pleasure, youth, and indiscretion, on the other. He soon becomes as extravagant, as profane, and as indecent, as his profligate companions; and leaves the university, like many other victims to its temptations, with his constitution ruined by disease, his manners depraved by

an habitual association with drunkards, and his morals corrupted by a long familiarity with every species of depravity.

But should he be restrained by the narrowness of his income from expensive pleasures, it will be vain for him to expect that the manners of a gentleman, or the learning of a scholar, will elevate him even to the lowest degree of respectability. The Master, the Fellows, and the more dashing members of the college, will be equally afraid of his society; and he will therefore be obliged, if he does not feel any inclination to pass all his time in solitude, to associate with men whose awkwardness of manners, and perpetual reference to mathematics, render them equally dangerous and disagreeable. He probably finds, towards the conclusion of his academical career, that without the least ambition to rival his companions in the honours of the university, he has acquired all their arrogance and irritability, with the additional mortification of remembering, that the hours which he passed in acquiring these peculiarities were the most disagreeable hours of his life.

If it be asked, why every student so peculiarly situated does not attempt to distinguish himself by appearing among *the honours*, it will be sufficient to reply, that such a distinction is frequently useless. The title of a Wrangler, or an Optime, is of very little service to a man who leaves the university after his degree; and the competitors for college emolument are so numerous, the restrictions so extensive, and the private pupils so few, in comparison to the number of tutors, that scarcely one-third of those who come to Cambridge with the expectation of a Fellowship, or any other permanent establishment, are finally successful. In many of the colleges only one or two Fellows can be admitted of the same county; and the Undergraduate who sees the vacancy to which he looked forward supplied by a man only a year or two

older than himself, is naturally willing to relinquish his mathematics for more pleasant and profitable studies.

If the preceding observations be just, it must be obvious, that any advantage that a man of fortune can derive from an experimental knowledge of the university is far overbalanced by its influence on his manners, his morals, and his constitution. No folly can be more inexcusable than that of sending a youth to the most celebrated seminary of foolishness and iniquity, merely that he may be able to boast of having received a university education. If the learning of a man be extensive, his manners polite, and his family respectable, he can derive little honour from a temporary residence at any university; and if he be awkward, foolish, and illiterate, the supposed advantages that he has derived from education will only render his deficiencies more striking.

But if his prospects in life render it *necessary* that a youth should be sent to the university, it might, at least, be advisable to place him beneath the care of some friendly and experienced tutor, whose prudence might secure him from temptation, and whose economy might train him from any unnecessary extravagance. Such a precaution, it is true, would subject him to many marks of disrespect from the libertines of his college, and to the necessity of associating occasionally with very unprofitable companions; but the virtue of a man is of more consequence than his reputation among drunkards, and the *prosing* of mathematicians is at least more innocent than the profligate revels of intoxication and obscenity.

To those men who come to college with the prospect of a Fellowship, whose fortune depends upon their industry, and who are prevented by the required application to their studies, and the smallness of their incomes from indulging in the vices of their fellow-students, the *larger colleges* of Cambridge present important and peculiar advantages



Every assistance is afforded them by the private attention of their tutors, and the public examinations of the lecture-room ; many of their college expences are defrayed by scholarships and exhibitions, and no distinction is permitted between the dresses of the Pensioners and Sizars ; but in the smaller colleges there is neither the same respect for the feelings of the students, nor the same attention to their improvement. Of the abuses that are peculiar to these we shall speak more fully in a succeeding number ; but at present it may not be entirely useless to hint, that the principal duties recommended by the grants of their founders are to encourage the deserving, to assist the studious, to defend the cause of learning against the contempt of the rich and the derision of the profligate, and to support the religion of their forefathers with the ability of scholars and the sincerity of christians. Whether these objects are promoted by any of their present regulations we shall leave to the decision of our readers.

R.

### STRICTURES ON COBBETT,

#### No. I.

"Cobbett stand forth, be known, be loath'd by all,  
We scorn thy vengeance, and defy thy gall."—ANON.

MR. COBBETT has long been known to the politicians of this country as the champion of ignorance, falsehood, and rebellion. He has excited considerable notice among the lower orders of society, and has succeeded in the glorious and laudable art of corrupting the principles and

misleading the judgment of the populace more perfectly than any of his predecessors or contemporaries.

For this success he is indebted to the united qualifications of perseverance, versatility, and impudence. His perseverance in the arts of mischief renders him a formidable opponent to those who are too indolent or too pleasantly engaged for the daily operations of literary warfare. His versatility permits him to direct the popular opinion without resisting it; and to adopt such principles and select such patrons as may be most conducive to his temporary convenience, and his impudence enables him to hazard the most evident absurdities with all the assurance of conviction, to dazzle the eye and delude the understanding of the multitude by the magnitude of his professions, and the assumed independence of his character, and to support the most glaring misstatement of facts, and the best refuted errors of opinion with a confidence that is easily mistaken by his admirers for the "determined inflexibility of conscious rectitude."

The victories, therefore, which he has gained over many of his political opponents are not to be ascribed to the justice of his opinions, or to the superiority of his talents, but to the persevering obstinacy with which he returns the attacks, and observes the motions of his adversary. As his attention is directed only to a single object (the sale of his *Register*), he is free from those literary perplexities which render a paper war so harassing and inconvenient to the more active votaries of politics and literature. He has so little of the shame or fear natural to other men, that even the most successful of his opponents are wearied and astonished by the boldness of his falsehoods, and the meanness of his defensive artifices. Too many of those who hold his controversial powers in contempt, and his principles in detestation, are more willing to listen in silence to his nonsense and his misrepresentations than to disgrace them-

selves by an open contest with so degrading an antagonist : and to carry on an *anonymous* warfare with any prospect of victory, would require more patience, ingenuity, and learning, than political disputants usually possess.

However deficient we may prove in the other requisites of political discussion, we are confident that our readers will have no reason to complain of our want of industry, or our weakness of resolution. If Mr. Cobbett refuse to answer us, we may be sure that he consults his safety rather than his dignity. If he do not condescend to reply to our remarks, we shall consider them as too convincing to be easily refuted ; if he do, it will be our duty to trace him through all the mazes of political craftiness. If he pervert our meaning, we shall correct his misstatements ; if he be guilty of voluntary falsehood, we shall display him *in terrorem* to his brethren of the Independent Whig and their coadjutors, as the prince of political *story-tellers* ; if he answer our arguments by expressions of contempt, or general declamations about his own talents, virtue, and independence, we shall express our derision of the one, and our denial of the other ; and should he feel inclined to meet us on the more extended basis of political principle, we shall endeavour to expose the fallacy of his general reasonings, and the barrenness of his political information.

The admirers of Mr. Cobbett have been so clamorous in their praise of his talent, his independence, and his consistency ; and his own reputation of himself has been so frequently repeated in his notes to correspondents, his summary of politics, and various other channels of indirect puffing, that even the most impartial of his critics are willing to believe that his powers are above the ordinary standard, and that any successful attack upon him must be conducted with a very extraordinary degree of learning and ability. In our opinion, however, we



have seldom seen so much arrogance, accompanied with so little political knowledge, or literary talent. If we subtract from his writings their egotism and scurrility, they will be found to contain little that can interest the scholar or the statesman. His style is without elegance, his knowledge without correctness, his reasoning without solidity, and his satire without acuteness, energy, or spirit.

To say that we feel any respect for such a character, or that we shall confine our censure to a mere examination of his opinions, would be a violation of that candour for which we are anxious that all our exertions in the cause of truth should be distinguished. In the common method of discussing political or literary subjects, the merit of a production must be estimated by the force of its arguments, the extent and accuracy of its information, or the elegance and correctness of its language; but so many of Mr. Cobbett's assertions rest merely on his personal authority, his allusions to himself are so frequent, so pointed, and so intermingled with every species of discussion, and his claims to superiority over the other scribblers of the day are so ostentatious and extravagant, that it is impossible to analyse his writings without some reference to his private character and his personal adventures.

With a full determination, therefore, to employ every legal instrument of offensive warfare, we shall proceed to the contest, in the most perfect confidence that our success will be proportionate to the justice of our cause; and that the most formidable enemy that has yet appeared to the peace, the refinement, and the virtue of society, shall be compelled to retreat into that obscurity from which he has been elevated only by the folly of the weak and the wickedness of the designing; and whatever may be the difficulty of executing the office we have assumed, and the clamour that it must naturally excite, we shall, at least,

have the consolation of reflecting, that we have not wasted the hours of literary relaxation in unprofitable labour; that the hatred which we have excited is the hatred of men whose praise would be disgrace; and that while we have invigorated our faculties by mental exercise, and confirmed our virtue by habits of vigilance and activity, we have fulfilled our duty to our friends, our Sovereign, and our country!

(No. II. on Mr. Cobbett in our next.)

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A CHARACTER.

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No. XII.

In former times, by lawless passion led,  
When the adulterer stain'd another's bed,  
Conscious of guilt, at least, he tried to fly  
The curious searchings of the public eye;  
Nor dared, with forehead unabash'd, proclaim  
To listening crowds his infamy and shame:  
Now bolder grown, the adulterer takes for life  
To his own arms the prostituted wife;  
Tears the broad antlers from the husband's brow,  
And lets them on his own conspicuous grow;  
With a known strumpet shares his bed and board,  
While legal forms his cuckoldom record.  
Proceeding still in impudence and shame,  
Grasping the portion of the wanton dame,  
Behold him now to feudal titles join  
The designation of the harlot's line;  
Proud of those errors that the world disgust,  
Vassal at once of avarice and lust.  
And, lo! another road to wealth appears,  
The leading banner where Sir Balaam rears,

Who to each art of book-constructing true,  
Can vamp old authors, or can seek out new ;  
Can bid through many a page his nonsense shine  
With breadth of margin, and with shorten'd line :  
Inspired with thoughts like these, see from the press  
The patriot's work the gaping million bless ;  
And in the ponderous volume though appear  
But the short story of a fleeting year ;  
Garbled from common books, that open lie  
To the perusal of each reader's eye,  
Yet crowding dupes the expensive volume buy ;  
Nor grudge their gold, to view with fond delight  
How peers can publish, and how statesmen write.

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TABLES OF ADULTERY.

" Si illam attigeris, secus quam dignum est, liberam,  
Dicam tibi inpingam grandem."—TERENCE.

ACTIONS for *crim. con.*, as may be seen from the above quotation, are not of so modern a date as many are inclined to suppose ; and perhaps the only matter in which Great Britain differs from polite Athens is in the frequent recurrence of these events. In Athens fine and imprisonment were the modes of punishment ; and as we could follow no better example than that of a country so celebrated for the wisdom of its laws, the learning of its philosophers, and the consummate skill of its statesmen, the same castigation (in effect) has been adopted by our legislators. To this I have no objection to offer ; and the only purport of my essay is to facilitate the due and proper execution of the established laws.

Whenever any branch of traffic becomes very general, it is usual for able calculators to form TABLES OF RATES, for the double purpose of instructing the dealers, *à priori*, in the value of the *commodities* they are inclined



to deal in, and of ascertaining the established *market price*, in case of any future dispute or disagreement among the parties.

As *crim. con.* (*vulgo*, adultery) has of late years become a staple article of fashionable commerce; and as from many considerations, which prejudice alone could overlook, I must consider it as conducive to the welfare and excellence of the human race, and deserving the encouragement of government, I cannot help thinking that my labour in constructing the annexed TABLES will be amply compensated by their utility to the public in saving the trouble of juries, and determining at once the *ratio* of redress to be allotted to the suffering husband; at any rate—

“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria scribere.*”

In making the necessary calculations I flatter myself I have paid due regard to the situation of the various parties, and by dividing them severally into four general classes, have embraced almost every possible combination of rank, character, and circumstance; or at least have developed so much of the principles on which I have proceeded, that it will be no difficult matter to apply them to any case not literally contained in the TABLES.

The Husband's *Friend* has been amerced in the severest manner in the two first columns of the “damages;” and in the remaining two columns the fines of this class have only been lowered on the supposition that no husband of the description contained in their titles can be thought to have a friend. The Independent Man, Member of Parliament, Country Gentleman, &c. have been more rigorously visited than the Man of Ton and Gallantry, because the former characters are so respectable in themselves, that they are, without suspicion, admitted into all families, while, on the other hand, the prudent and at-

tentive Husband will be on his guard against the advances and machinations of the latter.

Our forefathers had a saying, that "*a light wife made a heavy husband*;" and indeed, Sir, considering the heavy damages that have of late been given in some cases of infidelity, the adage appears to me more literally true than it was in its original signification. I am not inclined to quarrel with those verdicts in most instances; on the contrary, you will observe that in the subjoined TABLES I have determined that whatever might be the character of the wife, no penalty could be adequate to the aggravated infamy of the friend, of the kind and affectionate husband;—*the friend*—can he be justly called so who takes advantage of *any* circumstance to destroy the peace of mind and domestic felicity of his trusting companion *for ever*? *Let such men be degraded in society*; and in this world where wealth (like charity in the next) covers a multitude of sins, there is no mode of carrying the sentence so effectually into execution, as by reducing the offender to comparative poverty. I have, therefore, adopted this punishment in my TABLES. Another good consequence will also result from this; it will take away much of the ability for future offence, as bad women are not easily moved by the persuasions of men who have not the gifts of fortune to recommend them.

To the Husband who keeps a Mistress I have assigned very trifling damages, because his own conduct proves that he sets no great value upon his wife. The Friend, however, of this class I have mulcted severely, not as a compensation to the husband, but as a punishment to the seducer.

As for the Common Rake, I have given him nothing more for his satisfaction than a sum equal to what one of the damsels attendant on the Lobby of Old Drury would expect from her temporary admirer. My reason for this determination is, because such a man can have no friend, no

affectionate wife, no domestic comforts ; he loses nothing, and he ought not to be enriched, or enabled to pursue his vicious courses by the price of shame, to which he has so largely contributed.

Taking it for granted that the foregoing observations will make the TABLES comprehensible by the meanest capacities, and establish the justice of the bases on which they are constructed, I shall conclude a few short remarks on the formation and duty of a jury, whose discretion must determine cases not embraced within their bounds.

The jury should consist

|                                       |   |   |    |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|----|
| Of greybeards who have youthful wives | - | - | 2  |
| Of aged bachelors                     | - | - | 2  |
| Of middle-aged married men            | - | - | 2  |
| Of middle-aged bachelors              | - | - | 2  |
| Of young men married to old women     | - | - | 2  |
| And of young bachelors                | - | - | 2  |
| <hr/>                                 |   |   |    |
| Total                                 | - | - | 12 |

With a jury of this kind we should not witness such disproportion in damages as has of late seemed to throw an imputation on the administration of justice in this country. So excellently would one class temper and counterbalance the others, that from the whole amalgamation nothing could issue but the purest wisdom and the most scrupulous equity. Then, Sir, we should not have the mortification of seeing plump young women valued at a *shilling*, and old toothless crones at *twenty thousand pounds*. Such a jury, with my *Tables* for their guide, would soon, by the integrity of their decisions, establish a case of precedents from which the exact worth of every woman, the degree of guilt of every seducer, and the quantum of injury sustained by every husband might be ascertained, and become the *invariable* law of the land.



TABLES OF ADULTERY.

| Description of the Seducer. |                                                  |                 |                             | Description of the Female.               |                  |            |                       | Description of Husband and Amount of Damages. |                                         |                                         |                                         |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------------------|------------------|------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Husband's Friend.           | Nobleman, M. P.'s, Independent Country Gent. &c. | Man of Fashion. | Coachman, or other Servant. | Virtuous, loving her Husband and Family. | Fond of Company. | Gay Woman. | Licentious Character. | Kind and affectionate.                        | Polite and agreeable.                   | Keeps a Mistress.                       | Common Rate.                            |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | Whole property. His estate, 20,000 <i>l</i> . | 200,000 <i>l</i> .                      | 10,000 <i>l</i> .                       | 5 <i>l</i> . 5 <i>s</i> .               |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | Hard labour for 15 years.                     | Hard labour for 10 years.               | Hard labour for 7 years.                | Hard labour for 2 years and a whipping. |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 100,000 <i>l</i> .                            | 50,000 <i>l</i> .                       | 5,000 <i>l</i> .                        | 4 <i>l</i> . 4 <i>s</i> .               |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 50,000 <i>l</i> .                             | 25,000 <i>l</i> .                       | 1,000 <i>l</i> .                        | 2 <i>l</i> . 2 <i>s</i> .               |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 10,000 <i>l</i> .                             | 5,000 <i>l</i> .                        | 50 <i>l</i> .                           | 1 <i>l</i> .                            |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | Hard labour for 10 years.                     | Hard labour for 7 years.                | Hard labour for 2 years.                | Hard labour for 1 year.                 |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 20,000 <i>l</i> .                             | 10,000 <i>l</i> .                       | 3,000 <i>l</i> .                        | 3 <i>l</i> . 3 <i>s</i> .               |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 1,000 <i>l</i> .                              | 500 <i>l</i> .                          | 50 <i>l</i> .                           | 2 <i>l</i> . 2 <i>s</i> .               |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 500 <i>l</i> .                                | 250 <i>l</i> .                          | 10 <i>l</i> .                           | 1 <i>l</i> .                            |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | Hard labour for 7 years.                      | Hard labour for 5 years.                | Hard labour for 3 years and a whipping. | Hard labour for 1 year and a whipping.  |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 10,000 <i>l</i> .                             | 5,000 <i>l</i> .                        | 1,000 <i>l</i> .                        | 1 <i>l</i> .                            |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 500 <i>l</i> .                                | 50 <i>l</i> .                           | 1 <i>l</i> . 1 <i>s</i> .               | 0 <i>l</i> . 1 <i>s</i> .               |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | 20 <i>l</i> .                                 | 5 <i>l</i> . 5 <i>s</i> .               | 1 <i>l</i> . 1 <i>s</i> .               | 0 <i>l</i> . 1 <i>s</i> .               |
| 1                           | 1                                                | 1               | 1                           | 1                                        | 1                | 1          | 1                     | Hard labour for 3 years and a whipping.       | Hard labour for 3 years and a whipping. | Hard labour for 1 year and a whipping.  | To be whipped and discharged.           |

N. B. The Table comprehends all the highest orders of society in Great Britain, from a Princess down to the Lady of the youngest Peer of the realm. Table II. includes all the upper ranks of Gentry; but as it would encroach too much on your limits to give it in detail, it may be taken generally at the half of the above, except as to Servants, in whose punishment no difference should be made. Table III. applies to the better order of Tradesmen, and may be estimated at one-quarter of the above. Table IV. the lower order of Mechanics, at one-tenth; and Table V. including Servants and the Poorest People in the nation, where the damages may be assessed at one-twentieth; but as there must be much variety under this head, a good deal will be left to a jury constituted as before specified.

I am, Mr. Satirist, with best wishes,  
Your humble servant,

Stock Exchange,  
Aug. 5, 1808.

LEONARD LOGARITHM.

### SURRY INSTITUTION.

"Mere *disparata*: that, concerning  
Rank *methodism*; this, human *learning*:  
Two things so averse, they never yet  
*In eodem subjecto met.*"—HUDIBRAS.\*

MR. SATIRIST,

IN one of your late numbers † you took a view of the various literary societies which have recently sprung up in the metropolis, and pointed out the mischief that you ap-

\* P. 1. C. 3. l. 1373, 1320.

† Number VIII. (vol. ii. p. 235.)

prehended from them. The institution concerning which I at present trouble you, was then but in embryo; yet even in this early stage of its existence you referred to the list of its members as containing the names of *infidels* and *jacobins*: how great then must be your satisfaction to learn that since that time it has, by a *blessed* transition, passed into the hands of the *Saints*! Yes, Mr. Satirist: the same humility and contempt of worldly interests, which induced the *dear people* to set up a magazine and a review,\* and *repeatedly* to talk of venturing on a newspaper; to open Sunday schools for the purpose of controlling the tender minds of children, to establish a fund for buying up presentations to small livings in the church, and to poach members both into the House of Commons and the East India direction; have drawn within their sanctified grasp one of these new sources of influencing public opinion; and here they propose to distribute crumbs of comfort, and puritan pap, to babes of all ages. The fact is notorious: a methodist parson has been appointed their principal librarian within these few days; and in order to appear in his new situation with suitable dignity, has bought the *degree of LL.D.* on the occasion!†

Yet, while their affairs seem to go on thus swimmingly, it is melancholy to hear that Schism has reared its horrid head among *the elect*. From the very beginning indeed,

\* The Evangelical Magazine, and the Eclectic Review.

† This person, who is a *doer* of the Eclectic Review, having lately published a pamphlet, one of his colleagues (for I cannot suppose it to be himself) has seized the delicate juncture of the appointment in question, to criticise his production; and by way of making known the author's new honours, has contrived to *be-doctor* him no less than *nineteen times* in the course of the article. (See the last Number of the Eclectic Review, article 4: vol. iv. p. 707.)



some were of George and some were of John;\* as long however as they were all vagrants alike, a sense of their common insignificance repressed their jealousies: but the times are past when ranting Rowland preached on a water-tub in the fields, and Foote with *literal truth* put into the mouth of his Dr. Squintum—†

“Do put some money in the plate,  
Or I your preacher cannot eat:”

and now that their holders-forth have got brick walls round them, and velvet cushions under their elbows, they affect to despise a branch of their former followers, who, disgusted with their upstart pride, aim at reclaiming the whole sect to its original (and *infinitely more evangelical*) manners. I assure you, Mr. Satirist, I am no methodist; but I speak with sincere zeal and compassion in behalf of an honest though misguided class of men, abandoned and renounced by the miscreants who have climbed to notoriety and ease on their shoulders. These injured persons are known by the name of Revivalists; and the *Eclectic Review* (the production of puritanical doctors and pensioners), a few months since,‡ took occasion to speak of them as “some enthusiastic persons, a secession from the regular methodists; a kind of excrementitious efflux of morbid matter, by which the general system is purified from disease.”—“*Enthusiastic persons!*”—“*regular methodists!*”—THEIR “excrement” (this must be vile indeed!)—Numerous as are the competitors in this age and land of quackery, the palm of *impudence* is incontestibly due to this writer.

I have now, Sir, trespassed on your attention much more

\* Whitfield and Wesley.

† Whitfield.

‡ In the Number published on the 2d of February last: (vol. iv. page 178.

than I intended to do, but I hope the hint of what is going forward in this neighbourhood will be acceptable.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,  
*Great Surry-street.* ANTI-METHODIST.

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## JOCULAR BIOGRAPHY.

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### LETTER II.

MR. SATIRIST,

HAVING considered the character of the oddfish in my last, I shall now, with your permission, proceed to view the other denominations of wits; and, as I am by no means desirous to rival our modern writers in that most excellent Houynhym quality, long-windedness, endeavour to comprise the detail in this letter. Since precedence in general rests on pretensions to antiquity, I conceive the Biters to be entitled to the second place in the order of wits; and I conclude this, not from the nature of biting, which metaphysicians have considered as existing in an advanced state of society, but from the indisputable evidence of scriptural authority. We have, alas! too much reason to believe the antiquity of biting, since our grandmother Eve was so confoundedly bit by the father of lies and biting, the old serpent. But though the devil is properly the apostle of the biters, yet, as an account of his infernal Highness does not strictly belong to human dealings, the patriarch Jacob seems entitled to the primacy, having left on record a most eminent instance of this kind of wit in the celebrated bite on his father-in-law Laban. Indeed the Hebrews have always been peculiarly distinguished for their skill in biting; and even at the present day it is one of the great characteristics of their nation. Mr. Rowe, in his comedy of *the Biter*, has endeavoured to

draw the character of a complete one, but the poet, (which is a very singular circumstance) falls *short* of nature, and Drs. Brodum and Solomon, those great luminaries of Israel, are as much superior to the laboured fiction, as Battersea cabbages are to Scotch kale.\* I am of opinion that biting was first introduced into this country by the Jews.

The impartiality of an historian obliges me to declare, that, in my opinion, the Satirists have not so many and such strong claims to antiquity as the Punsters, but, independently of facts, the only reason I can assign for the circumstance is, that it is the nature of human inventions to arrive by slow degrees at perfection, that mankind were a considerable time employed in overturning goblets and tables, pinning tunics and such kind of jests before they began to bite; were long amused with April fool humours before they had arrived at quibbling, and had been some time waging a *Pun-ic* war before they began a regular attack on folly and their neighbours. It may appear a strange opinion, (but my Lord Monboddo and many others have accustomed the world to such) that satire took its rise from dissention, and the first pair who quarrelled laid the foundation for lampoonery, which, by its extension and amelioration of principle, produced satire. Yet if we examine the nature of satire, which is nothing but modified invective, I think this will appear true, and it coincides with a paradox which carries, I fear, too much truth with it, that our best qualifications result from our worst failings. It certainly cannot be denied that lampoonery or personal invective is the basis of satire, and, as, according to Milton, Adam and Eve had a tiff in their garden, (if we may believe some of the

\* We rather conceive that this simile is a plagiarism from Walter Scott, Esq.—E.



rabbi's, for the first bite of the apple) though they probably did not go the length of a modern conjugal fracas, yet, no doubt, sufficient passed to entitle them to the honour of being founders of satire. But still I conceive that Adam began punning before his rib grew into that excrescence called a wife, (which, by the bye, affords a proof of his punning power, from the name he gave it, which we have literally translated woman, *i. e.* woe to man) and I have no doubt that when he named the birds, beasts, and fishes, he gave specimens of that kind of wit that would not have disgraced the most *notable* punsters of the present day. Be that as it may, I think punning made more rapid advances to perfection than satire, and I have a strong conviction that the confusion of languages at Babel was occasioned by a punomania, an event which, though neither Dr. Francis Moore, Physician, nor any other of the learned have as yet predicted, I fear exceedingly will again take place in London.

I have already exceeded my accustomed limits, and must therefore reserve my further observations for a future epistle.

A. B. C.

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### THE LADS OF METAL!

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I who, erewhile,\* in *lofty* lays,  
Essayed *the modern Galen's* praise,†  
Now, kindling in poetic fury,  
(Sirs, 'tis no fiction, I assure ye!)  
*Warmed by a pint of Brown's entire,*  
To ALL THE TALENTS tune my lyre.

\* I, who, erewhile the happy garden sung," &c.—Milt.

† See "Ode to Dr. Solomon."—SAT. v. 2. p. 462.

All hail! ye great—but, botheration!  
 I've quite forgot the invocation!  
 Like P-tty when on classic ground,\*  
 My Pegasus o'erleaps all bound!†  
 But come, this hastiness restrain,  
 Or dread the *envious* critic's rein;  
 Repress thy flame which burns so hot,  
 And, ere you gallop, learn to trot:  
 O thou sweet tunist, 'clept Apollo,  
 Whose voice, 'tis said, beats Braham's hollow;  
 Who, with thy troop of chaunting maids,  
 Mak'st vocal blest Pieria's shades,  
 Or, near the Heliconian rill  
 Sit'st blythely singing—*sit there still!*  
 Your aid I crave not: to cut short all  
 Your *hums* and *has*, know that a mortal,  
 Your wonted homage shall contest,—  
 Tremble to hear the name of *West!*  
 O thou, whose glory and whose grace is  
 To paint to life *metallic faces*,  
 Deign thou to be the Muse's tutor,  
 For none so well as you, can suit her,  
 Great colour-man in brass and pewter!  
 O! hither haste! untie thy wallet,  
 Prepare thy brushes, paint, and pallet;  
 And trace upon the glowing scene,  
 The second reverie of spleen.‡  
 Foremost let *Howick's brazen face*  
 The interesting picture grace,  
 Near to where *Saerry's copper nose*,  
 Outrivalling the ruby, glows.

\* See "Political Connoisseurs."—SAT. v. 2. p. 391.

† "At one strong bound high overleaped all bound," &c.—Milton.

‡ See the engraving of No. V. of the SATIRIST.

Next, Ego's sallow phiz unfold,  
Disconsolate, in tarnished gold;  
And, ere the arduous task you tire on,  
Paint P-NS-NBY with mouth of iron.\*  
Let GR-N-V-LLE, *who so well can feel!!!*  
Display his ample face in steel.  
Let clumsy T-PLE's addle head  
Be covered, like St. Paul's, with lead;  
And, to complete the groupe of dons,  
Shew W—DHAM in his native bronze:  
Lastly, in order due to set all,  
*Tierney* describe in prince's metal;  
Whilst WH-TBR--D, G--TT-N, and the rest,  
(Of whom the least that's said is best),  
In *dross* may justly be expressed.

\* \* \* \* \*

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### THE WINCHESTER INN-KEEPER.

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At a numerous and respectable meeting of fashionable wives, held by appointment at the sign of the HORNS, near CUCKOLD'S POINT, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:

*The honourable MRS. RIGADOON in the chair.*

RESOLVED *first*. That inns were originally established for the convenience of the public, whom it is the duty of inn-keepers to provide with every necessary accommodation.

RESOLVED *secondly*. That during the present disturbed state of affairs IN-CONTINENT, deeds of gallantry should be encouraged in GREAT BRITAIN: that con-

\* Probably alluding to the roar of a cannon.



venient places of assignation are *very necessary accommodations* to *belly-gerent* parties, as things might thus be frequently settled without an *action*, and that it is therefore the duty of all inn-keepers to provide such *accommodations*.

RESOLVED *thirdly*. That nothing would contribute so much to the universal establishment of domestic felicity, and the consequent decrease of *crim-con* actions, as the keeping of husbands in total ignorance of their wives' proceedings, and that every good and *loving* wife should therefore exert all her influence with her husband, friends, and acquaintance, to discourage, put down, and ruin, all curious, peeping, prattling, tell-tale, inn-keepers.

RESOLVED *fourthly*. That every possible means should be instantly adopted to punish, ruin, and STARVE, the WINCHESTER LANDLORD, whose *infamous* conduct has deprived a worthy husband of an affectionate wife, an *honourable* and *noble* Viscount of THREE THOUSAND POUNDS, and a lovely woman of a very tolerable reputation.

RESOLVED *fifthly*. That the thanks of this meeting be voted to the spirited ladies of the county of Southampton, for their laudable endeavours to promote the ruin of the aforementioned notorious offender, and also to their good-natured husbands, who have kindly consented to remove their custom from the WHITE HART to some place where wives and viscounts may settle their private affairs without interruption.

RESOLVED *sixthly*. That the aforesaid resolutions shall be published in the SATIRIST Magazine.

CLARA CORNIFEX, Secretary.

Having complied with the wishes of the fair members of the CUCKOLD'S POINT meeting, and published their spirited resolutions, we shall avail ourselves of the infor-

mation we have obtained through the medium of their secretary, Mrs. Cornifex, and present our readers with a brief account of the proceedings which caused the said resolutions to be passed. It appears that the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of the White Hart Inn, Winchester, created a very serious alarm among the professors of adultery, and that certain good wives of Hampshire resolved to mark their indignation and resentment at such abominable proceedings, by persuading their complying husbands not to have any further dealings with the offenders. This news having reached the metropolis, the circles of fashion absolutely rang with the applause of intriguing damsels and their gallants, who were delighted at the spirited proceedings of the Southampton dames and their goodnatured spouses. Mrs. Rigadoon proposed that circular letters should be immediately dispatched to all *free and independent* wives of fashion, inviting them to meet on a certain day, that they might publicly express their sentiments upon the momentous occasion, and in consequence this numerous assemblage took place at the *Horns*.

Mrs. RIGADOON was called to the chair, who opened the business of the *assembly* in a very neat and appropriate speech. She declared that nobody lamented the late discovery at Winchester more deeply than herself; she knew little of the lady, but had lived for these last eighteen years on terms of the *greatest intimacy* with the noble Viscount, she must allow that he was a handsomer and better man when he was only thirty years of age than at present, but still there was a freedom of manner, a disregard of old-fashioned prejudices, and a bewitching something about him, which rendered him peculiarly interesting to the female sex. She was much surprised at the situation in which he was discovered at Winchester, for during the whole course of their acquaintance, she

had never seen him attempt to lie down either *beside* or *under* the bed : probably he concealed himself in the disagreeable place where he was found, in consequence of being alarmed by the monsters whose infamous conduct had occasioned their meeting. Was it not a dreadful thing for a Viscount to be compelled to lie with his noble nose close to one of the meanest of household utensils, in the hopes of concealing his gallantry, and after all to be discovered and betrayed by a filthy inn-keeper? She must own that she pitied his Lordship less, when she reflected that there was a lady whom he *might* have visited without the assistance of inns, or the danger of being interrupted by intruding landlords. She had, however, *felt* much for him, and did not doubt, that when her *just* anger was abated, she should *feel* for him again. Under this impression she should propose certain resolutions, which, she hoped, they would unanimously adopt." (*Here the resolutions were severally read, and being duly seconded, were unanimously agreed to.*) Before the meeting broke up a Mrs. Stalker addressed the company, and expatiated upon the immense advantages of *damaged locks*, which, she observed, would furnish the most convenient excuse for *bolting* a drawing-room door, and entirely supersede the necessity of having recourse to THE KEY.

The ladies present highly approved of the ingenious contrivance, and we understand that several hundred locks have since been mutilated.

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## NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

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### No. V.

In our last, we stated our intention of exhibiting this month a most horrible picture of female depravity : cir-



cumstances, however, of the most delicate nature have induced us to delay, for a very short period, the intended exhibition, and we therefore present our readers with a portrait comparatively less disgusting, although sufficiently infamous to be admitted into our cabinet of NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

Whatever might have been the youthful indiscretions of our present heroine, (whom we shall denominate ALMERIA) she certainly contrived to conceal them from the eye of the public, and it was not until she had attained that age when most women withdraw themselves from the gaze and turmoil of the world, that she blazed a conspicuous star in the sphere of fashion: neither age, a bloated and whiskered countenance, corporeal deformity, nor the silent reproaches of her virtuous daughters, (who were already marriageable) could restrain her in her mad and vicious career.

She spread her tables to allure the rich, and invited the thoughtless to despoil them of their property. Superannuated debauchees, and beardless officers of the guards, crowded her drawing-rooms, and retired penniless from her doors.

Not the most atrocious highwayman that ever frequented the vicinity of Hounslow plundered with more effrontery or success: not the most renowned priestess of the Cyprian temples corrupted more extensively the morals of inexperienced youth.

The death of her husband's brother conferred on her the title of a peeress, but no acquisition of fortune; she, however, prostituted the one to acquire the other, and contrived, by means of her gambling robberies, to live in vicious magnificence.

Though guilty of the meanest and most degrading actions: though daily practising the grossest deeds of sensual depravity, Almeria affected the most refined delicacy

of sentiment, and aspired to the reputation of a woman of cultivated taste and profound literary accomplishments. Her readings were certainly the most ridiculous, although the most harmless, of her entertainments; at these she alternately amused her company, with scenes from *the Agreeable Surprise* and Shakspeare's tragedies—"and Juliet grieved in a fine manly voice."

Nay, she has even *assumed the characters* of the simple Cowslip and the gentle Desdemona!! The death of her husband materially deranged the plans of plunder which Almeria had in agitation; she was obliged to quit her splendid mansion in ——— Square, and experience having made the fools of fashion wise, they no longer frequented her faro-table. She now lives, "shorn of her beams," (but not of her *whiskers*) in comparative obscurity, although she still invites her former friends and victims once or twice in a season to a splendid entertainment, when they are generally amused by the *spouting* of a *favourite actor*, to patronize whose benefit she lays them all under heavy contributions, and thus pays him for the time and trouble he expends in the gratification of her vanity and wishes.

Neither rouge, wig, nor cosmetics, can conceal the ravages of old age on her withered countenance, she nevertheless still affects the vivacity and passions of youth, expressing her *glowing* sentiments with all the warmth of romantic enthusiasm.

Oh, we have seen this amorous and sentimental dowager of seventy, listening with rapturous attention to the melodious mouthings of her favourite actor, gazing with tender delight on his expressive eye,

"In a fine frenzy rolling;"

and heaving

"Sighs such as virgins breathe who dream of love."

Unhappy woman! thy course of wickedness is nearly run; turn then thy thoughts from the pleasures of the world, and prepare thee for thy grave, or Death will make thee his prey ere thou hast made thy peace with thine offended God!

*Mr. Hubbard that was - now  
Lady Buckinghamshire.*

SUPPRESSION OF VICE!!!

"Sors tua mortalis: non est mortale quod optes."

OVID.

MR. SATIRIST,

IF, as Shakspeare says, "our virtues would be proud if our faults whipp'd them not," how proud will be the virtues of the next generation, in whose time, if ever, the society for the suppression of vice will have effected the object of its institution! *redeunt Saturnia regna*, Mr. Satirist—what a consummation! Surely the members of this society, unless they "mistake the future's face," will most completely establish the long-contested system of human *perfectability*.

These are not men of half-measures. No lopping away the branches of vice: they scorn to use the pruning-hook, when they can form the mightier design of laying the axe to the root. In fact, they will be content with nothing short of the actual *suppression of vice*.\* To take up St. Dunstan's tongs, and, after his example, pull the devil by the nose, would not be an exploit co-equal with their *spirit*; and they have accordingly resolved (*quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas?*) actually to break his head.

As in forming this resolution to play the deuce with

\* *Vide Johnson's Dictionary, voce suppress.*



the devil, they have adopted the poet's licence of *daring any thing*, so difficulties or impossibilities present no obstacles in the way of its execution—

“*Quà via difficilis, quàque est via nulla, sequuntur.*”

They mean to bend the decrees of Heaven itself to their purpose; for since God has pronounced peccability to be essential to humanity, they have kindly undertaken to reverse this ordination, and to ennoble the condition of our nature by the actual *suppression of vice*! O! Mr. Satirist, what a glorious revocation of the primeval curse pronounced on our race, that the serpent should bruise our heel!

This society has been most unwarrantably censured, as an establishment which carries matters to *extremities*—an aspersion from which I readily undertake to vindicate it, and which I will prove to be wholly false, and such as no one who *knows* the society could possibly urge.

Intent, as I admit these worthies to be, *ad captandum vulgus*, I deny that their penal visitation ever reaches the *lowest* order of iniquity, which, I contend, is composed of the society's own agents and emissaries, since

“ — Such as owe the law their ears,  
We find employed as engineers.”

That these wretches, who are truly “vice's bawds,” whose daily occupation is to hold out enticements, and to spread snares for the commission of sin, ever feel the scourge of the society, no one will assert. What is the employment of *such* instruments of reformation, but, in the emphatic language of the poet, “*vitia irritare VETANDO?*”

With respect to the high and mighty votaries of vice, around whom fashion throws her magic circle, their orgies are never interrupted by the intrusion of the saints. Of such want of politeness no one can accuse them.

How then can they be said to carry their proceedings to extremities? No, Sir, they certainly adopt the advice of Phœbus to his son,

“*Inter utrumque tene*”—

In answer to those who insinuate that,

“*Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.*”

And who recommend that the society should turn its operations inward, “and stripping its own back to the lash, should submit to the penance of self-flagellation, I shall only remark that, its members have doubtless as good a right as the Pharisees of old (*prima domûs origo*) to make clean the outside of the cup and the platter,” &c.\*

ANGLICANUS.

July, 9th 1808.

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SIR FRANCIS BARING, BART.

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Quidam memoratur Athenis

Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces

Sic solitus: Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo

Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.

HORACE.

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A LITTLE historical event has taken place, in which that most respectable American merchant, Sir FRANCIS BARING, Bart. was actively concerned, and as in all probability such an event may never again occur during the worthy baronet's existence, THE SATIRIST is not unwilling to lend his aid to transmit a brief account of it to the remotest posterity: for, in the strong language of Young, it may be said of Sir F's discretion, that

“ONE AGE IS POOR APPLAUSE!”

\* St. Luke, c. xi. v. 39, *quod ride.*

On Thursday, 4th August, 1808, the merchants and bankers gave a sumptuous dinner to their excellencies the DEPUTIES from the Spanish Nation, and to many of the British nobility and gentry for and against administration; having long previously selected FORTY from their honourable body to form a committee, who appointed Sir FRANCIS BARING, Bart. their chairman. The dinner was intended to demonstrate the hearty good-will of Britons in favour of Spanish loyalty, liberty, and honour, and their rooted detestation of French despotism, slavery, and fraud: and Sir FRANCIS though an American merchant, was chosen out from amidst the great multitude of opulent traders to be the speaking-trumpet and mouth-piece of the festival. *“Alas! opinions, as they sometimes follow, so do they frequently guide and direct the affections; and men may become more attached to the country of their principles than to the country of their birth.”* BURKE. *The conduct of Sir FRANCIS BARING, Bart. is a case in point.*

After dinner the following toasts were given; viz. “The King; The Queen; The Prince of Wales and Royal Family; Ferdinand VII. King of Spain; The Prince Regent of Portugal, and the House of Braganza; The King of Sweden, and the King of the two Sicilies.”

So far all was well. The American minister had been invited, we are told, but prudently declined the invitation: indeed, as JEFFERSON is notoriously the abject lickspittle of the *butcher of Bayonne*, the presence of his accredited agent, on so trying an occasion, at the same table with the gallant PATRIOTS, who nobly spurned Buonaparte's tyranny, would have been obviously impolitic, to say the least.

“Gentlemen charge your glasses,” was once more yelled from the chair: in a moment every glass blushed, every cheek glowed with lively expectation, every eye



sparkled, every tongue was alert and ready to chorus the coming toast.—Ye Gods and Goddesses, what a scene!—But who can paint Sir FRANCIS as he sat, smiling, winking, chuckling, leering, with arch and sly expression, and slowly putting up his roseate gills? 'Twas silence all, and expectation high! At length, out bounced the rapacious orison:

*The President and—*“THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.”

The three first words *in italics*, gentle reader, were interpolations; for the committee had decided in favour of the passage between inverted commas alone.

“So having said, awhile he sate, expecting  
Their universal shout and high applause  
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, THE SOUND  
OF PUBLIC SCORN; he wonder'd, but not long.”

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, x. 504.

Courage, worthy Sir FRANCIS BARING, Baronet; cheer up, man! What though Britons scoffed at thee, and Spaniards curled their lips in proud disdain of thine ill-timed sycophancy to the American willow,—ALL may not despise thee: No, Sir FRANCIS! see, where Columbia stands, extending her applausive palms; hark! how, in imagination's bibulous ear, the Yankees bray harsh melody; behold, “with the mind's eye,” NAPOLEON waving towards thee the cordon of his variegated and choice-ly-speckled legion! Rejoice! for *thou, at length, art known!*

## AN OLD ADAGE ILLUSTRATED.

"**THY** maxim, friend," quoth Will to Hugh,

"That nought beneath the sun is new,

Appears to me a fiction ;

I think what H—— lately planned,

To *purify* the church and land,

A perfect contradiction.

"Which way soe'er the thought you view,

It sure must strike as something new,

Displaying judgment ample ;

Th' *ambition* of that recreant lord,

His *noble scorn* of *oath*\* and word,

Rise far above example."

Says Hugh, "I freely will confess

That, as a finished wickedness,

It *scarcely* has its equal ;

But that its not a *modern* scheme,

As you, my friend, unwisely dream,

I'll shew you by the sequel.

"By *corresponding* zeal inspired,

A wretch† the fane of Dian fired,—

*Merely to live in story!!*

\* "The duty of a privy counsellor appears from the oath of office, which consists of seven articles: 1. *To advise the king according to the best of his CUNNING and discretion.* 2. *To advise for the king's honour and good of the public, &c.* 4. **TO AVOID CORRUPTION!!!**

\*\*\* And lastly, in general, 7. *to observe, keep, and do, all that a good and true counsellor ought to do to his sovereign lord.*"—Black, Com. vi. b. 1. c. 5.

† Erostratus.

And ere from chaos rose the world,  
For some such plan the fiends were hurled  
From happiness and glory !\*

" Yet peace to H——'s virtuous name,  
Who wisely strives to drown his shame  
In Bacchanalian revels ;  
But if our praise to him we spare,  
He must submit the same to share  
With felons and with DEVILS ! !"

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THE LOITERER.

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No. VIII.

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It has already been shewn,† as far as any subject is capable of demonstration by words, that the free and unrestrained intercourse of the sexes, and more particularly that kind of intercourse, which, as applied to a certain class, has been denominated CRIM. CON., is not only consonant to the law of nature, but agreeable to the practice of the most enlightened nations of ancient and of modern time. But it is not enough to satisfy the interested cavillers of our day to prove that a thing is fit and proper, unless it can also be made apparent that it is profitable. It remains then to state the advantages which are to be derived from CRIM. CON. ; and if it shall appear that it unites the *utile dulci*, it is hoped that not only all prudish prejudices against the thing itself will cease, but that no

\* *Quere.* Whether the words of a certain ancient and noble author may not tend to throw a little light on the subject ? " It is a *new invention*," says he, " not before heard of ; *that is, so OLD, it has not been practised for some hundreds of years !*"

† See LOITERER, No. VII., SATIRIST, No. XI.



further check will be opposed to the exertions of those liberal females, who, from motives of the most ardent *philanthropy*, have endeavoured to bring it into fashion.

Whether the advantages arising from *CRIM. CON.* are considered in their most striking and obvious point of view, as more particularly enjoyed by those most immediately concerned, or as benefiting some particular classes of society, or in their ultimate effects on the general community, it must naturally excite surprise in every well-disposed mind, that any should be found of such harsh and gloomy tempers as to wish to stop up a source so prolific of happiness to mankind.

Without insisting, however, on the advantages arising in the first instance to the parties most actively and intimately concerned on such an occasion, which, it may be supposed, are not of a trifling nature, since, in the pursuit, so much is hazarded by both, the one in wealth, the other in reputation, it must readily be perceived how much *CRIM. CON.* must naturally tend to ameliorate and render happy the married state. In the first place, it is evident that jealousy, that hateful monster, that self-tormentor, must be annihilated; because jealousy lives only on doubts and suspicions, and must therefore cease to exist where doubts and suspicions are superseded by certainties. That this is not merely speculatively true has been practically proved in Italy. Jealousy, which, in that country, like a baneful weed, grew up with a rank luxuriance unknown in our colder climate, overshadowing and choaking the fairest flowers of society, and producing not unfrequently the most hideous disorders, and even death, has been totally eradicated by the introduction of a general system of *CRIM. CON.* It would be as difficult to find now a jealous husband in Italy, as it would be to meet with a married woman without her *cicisbeo*. It may, therefore, be very reasonably presumed, that a similar system, if

generally adopted here, would be attended with consequences equally happy: its effects are indeed already perceptible in the change that has, within these few years, taken place in the manners of the more polite and enlightened class of wedded society. Not only, however, would jealousy be abolished, but its place would be supplied by mutual indulgence and good humour; and the bonds of wedlock being loosened, each party would be free to range wherever their desires prompted them to stray; and that happy state of liberty would be realized, which, as it has been justly said, is alone consistent with the dignity of human nature.

How long it may be before the current of popular practice, in this respect, will overturn customs and prejudices of long standing, which oppose its progress, cannot, with any certainty, be determined; but that it has already sapped their foundations, and weakened them considerably, there is no doubt. Even, however, under existing circumstances, the benefits to be derived from the practice are conspicuous; and among these is one of no trifling importance, in the present age, when money forms the standard of all merit; husbands may reflect with satisfaction, that though they may be ruined by the extravagance of a wife, every loss may be repaired by her infidelity.

It is but a narrow and limited view of the subject, however, to consider it only as regarding those more immediately interested, when it is scarcely possible to mention an instance in which *CRIM. CON.* is not either beneficial or entertaining to some part of the community. It may be sufficient, by way of illustration, to particularize a few only of these advantages, from which a general idea of the rest may be formed.

It will readily be conceived, that *CRIM. CON.* is a general favourite at Westminster Hall and Doctors' Com-

mons, where it has called into practice the peculiar talents of our most distinguished advocates. Then what employment does it not afford to the reporters of trials, and what subjects for caricaturists, lobby-lounging wits, and those amiable human icicles, who heighten the flavour of their tea by tales of naughty wives! How, too, does it enliven the columns of a newspaper! When the appetite of the reader is palled by dull political reflections, and still duller attempts at wit, how is it instantly stimulated by the high condiments of a *CRIM. CON.* report! And as newspapers are open to the inspection of young as well as old, it is manifest how much such reports must tend to remove from the youthful mind all ignorance on a subject so generally interesting. But the progress of knowledge does not stop here: the maxim of the Roman poet, that the mind is more readily enlightened through the medium of the eye than of the ear, seems to be perfectly understood and acted on; and the pencil, therefore, is called in to assist the pen in depicting such scenes as are calculated to instruct the virgin mind in the pleasant theory of cuckold-making. As vice is said to owe its existence entirely to ignorance, it was natural to expect that they who have associated for its suppression, would not throw any impediment in the way of such laudable attempts to promote the circulation of knowledge. The conduct of the Society, on this occasion, indeed, displays very forcibly the opinion which they entertain of the advantages to be derived by the public from the general allowance of *CRIM. CON.*; and the very natural and just distinction which they make between those who, on the sabbath, profanely shave an ungodly beard, or expose to sale an unseemly serag of mutton to pamper the fleshly appetites of the sinful poor, and such worthy persons as expose, on every day of the week, and in the most public situations, shewy coloured prints, which short-sighted



prejudice would, perhaps, consider the grossest violations of decency, and as stimulating the most depraved appetites, but which the Society, no doubt, for the reasons above suggested, deem praiseworthy, and deserving, therefore, their silent encouragement, if not their avowed support.

One consequence, however, which would attend the general introduction of the system here recommended remains yet to be noticed ; and is, perhaps, of more general importance to mankind than any which have been already specified. The degeneracy of the higher orders has been long the subject of complaint and regret ; and modern philosophers have, with their usual acuteness and force of argument, proved that all which is great or good in human nature is to be found only in the humbler walks of life. This they have accounted for on physical as well as on moral causes. It is desirable, therefore, that the disposition which has been shewn by several ladies of the higher rank, to prefer their servants to their husbands, should be encouraged ; since, whether we rely on the authority of these philosophers, or, arguing from analogy, found our opinion on the experience derived from observations on the causes and means of improvement in other animal and vegetable productions, there is no doubt that the physical qualities of man would, by such a process, be rendered infinitely more perfect ; and the perfection of the moral system depending, in a great measure, on the physical, the dignity of human nature would, by such means, be most effectually promoted.

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#### POLITICS.

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THE undivided attention of Englishmen, (no matter what may be the difference of their dispositions, habits, and in-

clinations) is unquestionably fixed and riveted, most strongly, on the South of Europe: thither, therefore, of course, the SATIRIST again accompanies his fellow-countrymen, animated, in common with the vast majority of them, by all the ardour of generous and exulting expectation.

When a great and gallant Nation once draws the sword of self-defence against the most unprincipled and cruel aggression of a perfidious ally, and the whole mass of its widely-scattered population rises with resistless indignation to vindicate those rights *which MAN ought never to resign but with his life*; when all hopes of fair compromise are abandoned, and all chance of ultimate independence is confined to the tremendous enthusiasm of DESPAIR: then it is high time for that Nation to throw away the scabbard, to spurn all flags of truce, to turn a deaf ear to every offer of parley, to scorn even the most momentary suspension of hostility, to assault, to repulse, and to destroy her invaders, by all modes of imagined warfare, at all times, in all places, through all hazards. *Now, now, at length, the time is come [thank God!] to tell the Corsican:*

“Curandum in primis, ne magna injuria fiat  
Fortibus et miseris: tollas licet omne quod usquam est  
Auri atque argenti; scutum gladiumque relinques,  
Et jacula et galeam. Spoliatis arma supersunt.”

JUVENAL, viii. 121.

Fully impressed with conviction of this important truth, the heroic Spaniards have adopted no procrastinating or indecisive measures:—they knew, far better than honest SAMUEL WHITEHEAD, Esquire, M.P.\* the character of the Swindler with whom they had so long dealt; and knowing him to be such a thorough-paced villain that

\* See his “Letter,” pages 11, 12, 13. See also *Satirist*, No. XI. pages 76, 77.

“you might thrust a furze-bush through him, and not prick his *conscience*,” they treated him at once with insult for insult, threat for threat, blow for blow.

On the 5th and 10th of May, 1808, the weak King of Spain, the Prince of Asturias, their Royal Highnesses the Infanta Don Carlos, and Don Antonio, were compelled at *Bourdeaux* (not *Bayonne*) to abdicate the crown, and their individual and collective rights thereto for ever: yet if NAPOLEON attaches importance to this transaction, still a formal act of renunciation by *all* the BOURBONS is not secured; as Don Pedro, nephew to the old deposed monarch, is in the Brazils.

On the 2d of June this royal kidnapper received at his Bayonne levee the deputation of the *grandees* of Spain, who had in *their* turn been compelled to undertake the journey; MURAT having sent AN ESCORT OF HORSE to the mansion of each surprised individual. It is supposed that with the live lumber were sent strong and pressing importunities for a conclusion of the ridiculous farcesome how or other; for, *immediately* after this reception, by a formal HOAX attempted on the Spanish nation, the Junta of the State, the Council of Castille, *the City even of Madrid*, &c. &c. were made to solicit the Corsican's humanity in favour of a speedy renovation of the government. An application, so consonant with Sultan NAPOLEON's wishes, of course prevailed, and *in consequence* he was pleased to issue a proclamation, appointing his “*well-beloved*” brother Joseph King of Spain.

By a singular coincidence in point of time, it appears, that on the very same day on which NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE was, in his own opinion, *dove-tailing*, as it were, his revolution in Spain, the noble PATRIOTS of Seville were repeating their former cry of—“*Paz con la Inglaterra, y con todo el mundo la guerra.*”—“*Peace with England, and war with all the world*; and actually issued



a most spirited and nervous declaration of war against that perfidious tyrant, which our readers must have read with peculiar interest in the daily papers.

Innumerable other patriotic Proclamations and Addresses from the Juntas and Generals of various provinces, appealing to the Spanish nation, to that of Portugal, to the *French soldiery*, and to the medley-mass from all quarters, pressed by Corsican requisition into NAPOLEON'S service, rapidly appeared, in dignified succession, arrayed in all the artless, but awful, eloquence of freedom, honesty, and valour: these admirable compositions we omit with reluctance.

It is impossible to contemplate the humane and liberal conduct of our own regular government, so strikingly contrasted with the ferocious and insidious procedure of the *soi-disant pacificators of Europe*, without feeling ready to exclaim in the manly language of PERSIUS,—

“Magne pater Divûm, sævos punire Tyrannos

Haud aliâ ratione velis, cùm dira libido

Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno:

*Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.*”—iii. 35.

As every BRITON looks with more or less apprehension to the means which the Corsican Sultan has of pouring the instruments of his vengeance into Spain, an account of the communication between that country and France will afford, we trust, some gratification to our readers:

1. The first and greatest of the roads, which conducts straight to Madrid from France, is the one occupied by NAPOLEON, and which *Brother Joey* took in his route from Bayonne to that city, and arrived at Madrid on the 20th of July. It lies for near 22 leagues through the Pyrenees, before they sink into easy acclivities, between Mondragon and Vittoria. At every step an army is exposed to attack; but as the Despot appears to be completely master of the country, from the Bidassoa quite to

Vittoria, it is to be presumed that his forces will encounter no difficulties on their march, except those caused by want of magazines and provisions. In many parts of Old Castille even bread and eggs are not to be procured. In Alaya and in Biscay it is difficult for troops, accustomed to the abundance that reigns in France, to conceive the want of every kind of sustenance. Water itself is not always to be found.

2. The second grand entrance into Spain is from Perpignan to Barcelona, through Bellegarde, La Junquere, and the famous pass of Figueras, in Catalonia. About fifty miles of this road lie through the Gorges of the Pyrenees, where in many places an hundred armed peasants may arrest an army. Neither horses, provisions, nor accommodations, are to be found between Bellegarde and the city of Girona. That Barcelona and the fort of Montjuif were taken by the French we know. On the 13<sup>th</sup> of February, 1808, about 10,000 of their troops arrived in the vicinity of the city. The commanding officer applied to the governor of the place for passports for Valentia, whither, it was pretended, he meant to proceed; but first requested that the men might stop a day or two at Barcelona to refresh themselves. The gates were opened to the Frenchmen; they received a hearty welcome, all the housekeepers vying with each other in shewing them hospitality. At the end of three days the *générale* was beaten, and the whole of the French troops appeared in marching order on the parade. The population of the place assembled to take their leave of their *friends*,—but what was their astonishment when they perceived the Frenchmen divide, one-half taking their route to the citadel, of which they took possession; and the other to Fort Montjuif, on the summit of the hill which commands the town! This place being garrisoned by 6000 Spaniards, they were desired to march out, to make room for their

*friends*; the commandant replied, that he must first wait the instructions of his government; but that, in the meantime, the French troops should be amply supplied with every thing. The French commander rejoined, that his orders were peremptory, and that he could not delay a moment in carrying them into execution. On this the quarters of the Spaniards were peaceably resigned to them. If the PATRIOTS have surprised the fortress of Figueras, however, as has been asserted, the Gauls in Catalonia may already be in a very dangerous predicament.

3. A third road conducts from Bayonne by a small town, called St. Jean Pied de Port, into Navarre, straight to the capital of that province, Pampeluna. It is a most dangerous and almost impracticable entrance, through perpetual defiles and prodigious mountains, which can only be passed between May and the end of October. By this road, however, it is that Buonaparte sent Le Febvre to penetrate into Arragon. He appears to have crossed the Ebro at Tudela, and, proceeding down its left bank, to have had various engagements with the PATRIOTS, particularly at Alagon and at Saragossa. We may presume that the French still retain possession of this entrance into Spain; but we know little or nothing certain relative to the actual state of Navarre.

4. There is a fourth road from Tarbes, in Bigorre, along the valleys that divide that province from Arragon, which conducts to Saragossa. It passes through the Spanish towns of Jaca and Huesca; but it is rather a track pervious to muleteers, during summer, than a road by which any troops can pass. In winter the snows render it totally impassable.

Spain too exhibits other grand local advantages, of incalculable benefit to her brave defenders. Besides the truly tremendous barrier of the Pyrenees, the whole interior of the peninsula is, in almost every direction, inter-



sected by mountains, ravines, defiles, and rivers, without roads or bridges, or any means of carrying forward heavy artillery, and forming *depôts* of provisions. The obstacles that may be thrown in the way of an invading army, deprived of all naval co-operation, will be almost insuperable; the warfare that may be waged against it extremely harassing and destructive. In this species of warfare the new levies, when fired with daring courage and desperate resolution, must soon prove as serviceable as veterans; boldness and enterprise in small detached encounters being chiefly required. But, undoubtedly, it is upon the hearts and arms of the PATRIOTS themselves, it is upon the constancy with which they carry on their glorious *insurrection* that the final deliverance of Spain must depend. That insurrection, as has been well said, is the most stupendous event in the train of that FRENCH REVOLUTION, which has shaken or overthrown every Power on the Continent. Early in the Revolution the people of Spain became a prey to France; and during these last fourteen years they have had no share in the concerns of Europe, except, alas! their full share of insult and injury from the haughty Encroacher, at whose chariot-wheels they have been alternately dragged over the Alps and the Appenines, along the plains of Austria, among the mountains of Moravia, and through the forests and morasses of Poland. But there is a point beyond which the tyrant *cannot* oppress, and the tyrannized *will not* endure; the lowest step of human degradation is the first on the returning scale to honour; and from that step the prostrate, crouching victim springs upwards to the dignity of man, with an elastic energy surpassing the precipitation with which he descended. NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE took, pitilessly, the last step to insure the utter humiliation of Spain; but that hot step sprang a mine which bids

most fair to involve him and his beggarly house in ruin. So true is the homely adage, "*Set a beggar on horse-back, and he'll ride,*" &c.

The conduct of CASTANOS has proved him a most able and prudent general; he has already vanquished and taken one of the most experienced of Napoleon's officers, for such Dupont most certainly is, and doubtless will ultimately effect the deliverance of his country from the tyrant's grasp. The *pseudo* monarch, and sacrilegious robber, Joseph, had scarcely arrived at the capital ere this victory obliged him to make a precipitate retreat; and let us hope that the gallant Spaniards will yet o'ertake and punish "the spoil-encumbered foe."

Ere the appearance of this Number, we venture to predict, that the most glorious news will have arrived from our gallant troops in Portugal; and that the vaunting Junot and his savage myrmidons will be added to the list of Gallic captives.

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### FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

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SIR,

As your publication is avowedly intended to serve the interests of morality, you will, I doubt not, afford admission to a few observations on a very serious evil, which is at present making rapid strides; and threatens, if not opposed, to overthrow what yet remains of decorum and propriety in high life, and to bring utter depravity, and consequently ruin, on the community.

I allude to a subject which was touched upon in your ninth number, the promiscuous assemblage which takes place in the fashionable circles, of the vile and infamous with those of honour and integrity: this is a matter of

more real importance than many people seem to suppose, and leads to consequences the most to be dreaded. It is, indeed, a symptom of depravity peculiar to the times we live in, that some of the first families in the kingdom should, without scruple, admit within their doors such characters as would be spurned at by every person in the middle rank of life, who had the least regard for character or propriety. There is an old adage, which carries with it great truth and knowledge of mankind (though, like many other useful things, it is now laid aside), "that a man is to be known by his companions;" and did our people of fashion think it worth their while to retain any regard for the opinion of their fellow-citizens, some little attention would be paid to this maxim, and we should be no longer shocked at reading in the daily prints the names of females, whose characters are known to be infamous, making a part of the company assembled at the mansion of one of the most distinguished families, the head of which has been supposed to possess no inconsiderable portion of the pride of birth! Can we wonder at the very alarming increase of adultery, when such encouragement is given to those who are, or have been, notoriously guilty? when it is no longer made a point of delicacy, even with women of acknowledged virtue, to shut their doors against such characters?

What a pernicious example is hereby exhibited to the young female branches of our nobility! How can it be supposed they will long retain any attention to character or decorum, thus introduced as they are to the society of the most vicious and depraved of their own sex?—introduced too by those whose duty it is to seclude them from such society!—Or, what opinion must be formed of that mother who would a second time bring her daughter to a house where she had once met with such disgraceful associates?



A few years ago the introduction of the acknowledged mistress of a man of rank into the society of families of unimpeachable character, would have been deemed an unpardonable insult ; and to have visited one so circumstanced was an act never thought of by any respectable family ; for

“ Virtue and Vice had bound’ries, in old times,  
Not to be pass’d ; and she that had renounc’d  
Her sex’s honour, was renounc’d herself.”—COWPER.

If no other inducement withheld them from such a degradation, family pride often rose, and presented an insurmountable barrier : but now, alas ! an elegant equipage and a sumptuous style of living are the only requisites for admission ; women of character are “ at home ” to her, and are seen at her parties !—*Oh, shame ! where is thy blush !!!*

Ye mothers of rank and noble ancestry, *who yet feel concern for the future welfare of your daughters*, to you I make my appeal !—on you I call—by all that is valuable in society I conjure you to stem, while it is in your power, this torrent of vice, ere it break down the last barrier of female honour, and sweep away before it every valuable domestic virtue ! Be not discouraged at appearing singular ; shew those who ought to know what *their station*, what *their character*, what *their families require of them*, that *you feel yourselves dishonoured* by mixing with the worthless and depraved ; and while invitations are sent to such, *resolve, and with firmness persevere in the resolution, to hold no intercourse with those who incite them* : by this means you may hope to raise *something like a sense of shame* in the breasts of those who at present think it no degradation to be seen with such associates :—you will assert the *injured honour of the higher orders of the community*, and will merit the thanks of every friend to the

female sex, in the purity or debasement of which may be found the source of all the evils which afflict society.

MENTOR.

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## THE PENITENTS.

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### A FRAGMENT OF REAL HISTORY.

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\* \* \* \* \* It was midnight, and the mists of death swam before the eyes of the fair Penitent: a deep groan, the last effort of expiring nature, roused from her maudlin slumber the attendant nurse. In haste she picked up the hymn-book, which had dropped from her hands, and having first refreshed herself with a glass of the liquor of life, began most nasally to chaunt "a hymn for a dying sister." She had got to the end nearly before she perceived that she had been performing a solo part. In pious anger she turned to the bed to arouse the Penitent, whom she thought sleeping. "Awake! awake!" cried she, "sinful soul, awake, and commune with the Lord! If thou should'st die without singing this lovely hymn, thou wilt assuredly go to the place of the damned, where there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and neither singing of hymns is allowed, nor a single drop of gin," added she emphatically, turning upside down the pewter measure, which she had just emptied. She continued her pious exhortation, which she accompanied with appropriate action, till at length perceiving that her exertions produced no effect on her patient, she began to suspect the truth; and taking up the rushlight that glimmered near her, gazed with stupid eyes on the lifeless limbs of the fair Penitent. The scream which she set up,

on finding that her patient was dead, was like nothing that had been ever heard before, except it might be compared to an amatory feline concert, or the rapturous music of a methodist love-feast, bursting at intervals on the ear of midnight, and soothing the lone passenger on his way through the wildering mazes of the SEVEN DIALS. The scream of the nurse was almost loud enough to waken the dead ; no wonder, then, that it should arouse from sleep every living soul in the house. The Sister Penitents leaped in affright from their pallets, and rushed into the apartment of death : the Superior and his lady followed close at their heels.

“ Here,” cried the nurse—“ here is a sinful soul gone to the wicked one !—here is a miserable sinner gone now to be one of Satan’s madams !”

“ What thou sayest, sister,” replied the Superior, “ is true, most likely ; but what makes thee so certain of her damnation ?”

“ She hath not communed with the Lord,” answered the nurse ; “ and now the Devil will commune with her. She had the conscience to die without singing the ‘ hymn for a dying sister !’ Oh ! oh !”

The whole assembly joined in the deep ejaculation of the nurse ; and their mingling groans formed a solemn harmony.

“ Oh, impious wretch !” exclaimed the Superior, “ to be in such ungodly haste to die ! She is gone to h-ll, however, past all redemption ; and so we may go to bed.”

“ We shall all be the Devil’s madams, perhaps,” sobbed the weeping sister Penitents, drying their tears with the only linen they had about them. The Superior turned his eyes towards them to reprove them for their want of faith. His wife followed the direction of his eyes, and



saw them fixed on the half-naked Penitents. Now the Superior's wife formerly had good reason to be jealous of her spouse; and recollecting his old propensities, she did not behold, with much complacency, on the present occasion, either the earnestness of his attention, or the objects of it. For the moment the saint was forgotten, and the woman prevailed.

"I vow, I am quite shocked," said she, violently twitching the Superior by the shirt-sleeve: "why, my love, you have forgot to put on your nether raiment.—Come, let us be gone," added she in a shriller voice, upon finding her appeal to his modesty ineffectual—"why, what the devil is the man staring at?"

"A glorious sight! a glorious sight!" exclaimed the Superior, who seemed to have lost the sense of hearing in that of seeing. "O lovely evidence of grace, and the new birth! Behold, they are naked, and are not ashamed! O glorious sight! O fit occasion for love, and sweet communion! I stand amongst ye, sweet sisters, as a cedar upon Mount Lebanon;—then come under my shadow, and I will refresh you with the oil of gladness.—How lovely do saints appear when stripped of the garments of sin, and clothed only in the nakedness of righteousness! Kneel then, sweet sisters, while I"—

"They shall not," vociferated the wife. "What would the man be at?"

"I would take advantage of this awful moment, and join in holy concert with these dear and regenerated sisters," replied the Superior.—"Bring forth the body of the deceased sinner: let us all kneel down, naked as we are, and sing and pray, and" \* \* \* \* \*

## ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

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### PROJECTED DOWNFAL OF THE SATIRIST.

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AUTHENTIC intelligence has reached us, that a junto of the most notorious knaves in the united kingdom, most of whom have already smarted under our lash, have magnanimously resolved upon the *destruction* of the SATIRIST! "But *how*," our readers will exclaim, "is this tremendous event to be achieved? and what weapons are to be wielded by these doughty champions of vice and folly?" The first query we cannot answer; and as to the second, we can only state our supposition, that they intend to arm themselves with kindred *goose quills*, dipt in poison, extracted from their own polluted brains.

We have learnt the names of the principal conspirators; and, truly, men better calculated to carry on *offensive* operations could not easily be found: they consist of an attorney, who, having neither the wit nor the inclination to obtain an honest livelihood, turned libeller, and extorted from *princely purses* the price of his forbearance (vide *Satirist*, vol. i. page 515). Charles Sedley, *alias* the monster El—gt—n (foh!). Captain H. D—y (*dreadful dragoon*!) of *wife-throttling* notoriety; his bosom friend and preface writer, Mr. W. (only offensive for his *simpleness*); and some other equally respectable personages, who are compelled to keep within *certain rules*, although they do not hesitate to transgress the rules of decency and truth. Such are the men who have rashly sworn to overthrow *the Satirist*. Miserable wretches! remember the fate of the yelping curs who excited the mastiff's vengeance, and tremble at your presumption!

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## EPIGRAM,

*On reading Lord Holland's Edition of Mr. Fox's History.*

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What patriot feels not (as he mournful weeps  
O'er History's page) the blush of anger rise,  
That mighty Pitt in humble woollen sleeps,  
While crafty Fox in SHEETS of HOLLAND lies.

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An event has recently occurred in high life of the most shocking description. A noble lord, who married, not *many years* back, a young lady, for no other purpose, as it appears, than to get possession of her immense fortune, is principally concerned. He is reported to have *offered* his wife the choice of a gallant out of the whole circle of her acquaintance: she, however, declined; saying that she had no preference. He then proposed his *valet*, a *foreigner*; but the man, it is said, politely declined the honour from motives too horrible to mention. The whole business will, we understand, be canvassed in Doctors' Commons; and we sincerely hope that proceedings of a far more serious nature will be commenced against the noble delinquent, provided it should appear that the dreadful reports which have been whispered against him are founded in truth.

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## EPIGRAMMATIC QUERIES.

When panoplied in whalebone stays,  
Such as were worn in Anna's days,  
Our fair kept *Virtue* in their breasts,  
And lock'd her safely—in *their chests*:



But, since *their chests are open'd*, how,

And where, do they keep *Virtue* now?

Is she protected by new laws?

Or do they keep her—in *their drawers*?

We are happy to announce that Lady L. and Mrs. P. have at length admitted a *partial* covering upon their very *prominent* beauties; but we cannot presume to say if it results from the return of cold weather, or the *return of decency*.

Some dashing dowagers have resolved to wear *mustachios*, in honour, we suppose, of the Spanish patriots. The Countess Dowager of B—'s *whiskers* are already in *great forwardness*.

EPIGRAM,

On its having been reported that Lord S. declared he was  
not the Seducer, but the seduced.

My Lord, if P—t's amorous wife

Seduced you from a virtuous life,

Your virtue hung a twig by;

I know you well, and—"dash my wig"—

If you'll cheat *me* by such a *rig*,

Although you may a *RIG BY*!!

A dispute arose, some little time back, between the Marquis of H—d—t and the honourable Mr. B—r, in consequence of which the latter applied to his lordship, requesting him to name a friend who might arrange a meeting with a gentleman, whom he (Mr. B.) would name. The noble Marquis *magnanimously* replied, that there

was a person to whom he always applied on such occasions. "Pray, Sir, what is his name?"—"Lord Ellenborough!"

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EPIGRAM,

*Supposed to be written by a noble Marquis.*

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B——r, though I've insulted you,  
 You cannot shoot me dead for't;  
 Your heart is brave enough, 'tis true,  
 But you can't get a HEAD FOR'T.

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METHODISTICAL VERACITY.

That learned *ci-devant* Coalheaver, the reverend W. H. of methodistical celebrity, some time back, agreed to *preach the word* to the elect of a country village, and appointed eleven o'clock the following Sunday to commence his pious labours. It was, however, past twelve when he made his appearance, and he consequently found his congregation somewhat dissatisfied: he therefore addressed them thus from the pulpit. "Hear, ye unbelievers, the cause of my absence! Hear what the Lord has done to reward my faith. I was hastening to be with you at the appointed time, but the sinner of W— turnpike refused to let me pass without paying the toll: it was in vain that I told him I was the *Lord's journeyman*; he persisted in preventing my passage, unless I paid four pence, which I had neglected to put in my pocket. I addressed myself to my Master, and begged him either to turn the heart of the wicked tollman, or to *lend me four pence*. When, lo! and behold! a brown paper parcel dropped from the clouds. I took it up, and found that my Master had heard my prayer, and sent me the money, with which I paid the turnpike."

"It is all a d—d falsehood!" exclaimed one of the

congregation. "How dost thou know it to be so, thou unbelieving sinner?" enquired his Reverence. "Because," replied the man, "I was myself the keeper of W—turnpike; but it was pulled down yesterday morning."

The preacher then swore that it must have been the Devil who deceived him, and left the chapel. Such are the wretches who pretend to conduct the ignorant to Heaven, and thus batten upon the superstition of the weak.

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MORE BABES OF GRACE.

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That *great* and *good* man, the Reverend William Huntingdon, formerly Lighterman and Coalheaver, but now the most sanctified of the *Elect*, has at length persuaded the partner of his *love feasts*, the disconsolate widow of Sir James Saunderson, to share his holy bed, as he has long been in the habit of sharing her board. Twice a week were the luxurious viands of her ladyship's kitchen conveyed to *Providence Chapel*, where the devout pair discoursed most lovingly on the progress of the *new birth*:—she became enamoured of his *theory*, and wished him to reduce it to practice; he bent like a willow to her wishes, and took her to his holy arms. Thus has he thrown "*a new light*" on the subject of his pious and constant attendance in Charlotte-street. The faithful greatly rejoice at their union, which they suppose cannot fail to be productive of "*babes of grace*." As her ladyship's fortune is considerable, Mr. Huntingdon may now obtain "*leather breeches*" (if his pious spouse will permit him to wear them), without further application to his *heavenly Taylor*.\*

\* Vide Satirist, vol. ii. p. 339.



## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

*A History of the early part of the Reign of James the Second, with an Introductory Chapter.—By the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.—1 vol. Quarto, with an Appendix. 1l. 16s.—Miller.*

THERE are few mistakes so common or so dangerous, as that of estimating a man's abilities by the extent of his reputation. The rank which the leader of a party holds among parliamentary declaimers, the attention he excites among his political competitors, and the frequent recurrence of his name in the columns of a Newspaper, are, to many, the only criterions of his intrinsic merit as a patriot, or a statesman. The *huzzas* of a mercenary rabble, and the *expressive* compliments of a few intoxicated noblemen at an annual *cattle-shew*, are sufficient to elevate him to the enviable station of a leader of the Swinish Multitude; and his name is reverberated by the frequenters of the village ale-house, and the mock politicians of Smithfield, and St. Giles, with the foolish but honest enthusiasm of drunken admiration.

It may be suggested, however, that nothing is more common than for the Editor of a Newspaper to praise the patron who supports him, that the approbation of a nobleman is frequently a very fallible indication of virtue and ability, that a politician may easily rise superior

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to such characters as Grey and Windham, and Burdett, without at all surprizing us by his talents or his virtues; and that a man may form an intimate acquaintance with the meanest and most profligate of mankind, may be treated with the rudest familiarity by the greasy inhabitants of Clare Market, and be hailed as the saviour of his country by the rogues of Bridewell and the —s of Billingsate, without possessing a single quality that can deserve the reverence or the admiration of posterity.

The triumph of impudence and loquacity, is seldom more observable than in the squabbles of a feeble opposition, where the superiority of every individual must depend on his ability for political intrigue, and on his talents for popular declamation. To support, for any considerable time, the office of a prime minister, in spite of the jealousy of friends, the violence of enemies, and the other difficulties of his situation, requires something more than mere volubility of speech and craftiness of disposition, but to execute the duties of a first-rate *opponent*, little more is necessary than the talent of perplexing truth by ingenuity of objection, and supporting falsehood by the united powers of impudence, cunning, and loquacity. Whatever may be the solidity of his judgment, or the extent of his acquirements, in the execution of his parliamentary duties, they are entirely useless; and should he be found wanting in every quality of the head, and every virtue of the heart, such deficiencies will neither alienate the kindness of his political friends, nor be any obstacle to the success of his parliamentary career.

The extent, therefore, of Mr. Fox's reputation, and the number of his admirers, were, to us at least, very uncertain evidence of his eminence as a statesman, or a patriot; and when we reverted from the praises

of the Morning Chronicle, the sentimental adulation of the Duke of \* \* \* \*, and the noisy admiration of the cobblers, and innkeepers of Westminster, to the contemplation of his private and public character, we could discover little of that personal disinterestedness, and that public talent and integrity which have been so lavishly ascribed to him by his admirers. We must confess our utter inability to perceive that open simplicity of manners, that strong abhorrence of deceit, and that anxious preference of public to private interest, which we had been taught to consider as the peculiar features of his character; and our ideas of virtue and the other qualifications of a statesman, are so far from agreeing with those of his friends and eulogists, that the very circumstances they adduce as evidence of his integrity, his candor, his ability, and his patriotism, are to us the most convincing testimony of his meanness, his cunning, his incapacity, and his disregard of his country's weal.

If such are the conclusions to be drawn from an examination of his private manners, and his political conduct, they will be rather confirmed than contradicted by the appearance of the present publication. To those who have been accustomed to contemplate his character with the enthusiasm of distant admiration, they will be a source of surprize and disappointment, while those who have observed his political career without any feeling of kindness and reverence, will be equally astonished and delighted at so convincing, and unexpected a confirmation of their opinions. They will feel the highest gratitude to Lord Holland for his impartial anxiety to render the character of his uncle no longer matter of speculative curiosity, and will admire the peculiar address with which he has contrived to unite private advantage with public utility.



They will justly consider so noble a sacrifice to the impartiality of history, and so successful an attention to the interests of his relative's executors, as a much greater proof of virtue and ingenuity, than the seduction of Lady W——, or, his honorable desertion of his *chère amie* in the moment of distress.

How happy for his Lordship that he is thus able to retrieve the errors of youth and inexperience; to atone for the want of private respectability by the dignified openness of his editorial character, and to regain the money and the reputation he has lost in an action of Crim Con, by a grateful sacrifice to the omnipotence of truth!

To some men, however, it might have appeared, that such an heroic preference of public adventure to private gratitude, was rasher officious than necessary. It was the duty of an executor to be firmly convinced that in presenting a posthumous publication to the world, he was at once fulfilling the wishes of its author, and promoting his political and literary reputation. The preface of Lord Holland contains nothing that will justify us in supposing that Mr. Fox intended his historical fragments for publication, and we are certain that they will tend to diminish the enthusiasm of his admirers, and encrease the vigor as well as the number of his enemies.

Nor has he merely sacrificed the fame of his uncle by the *publication* of these fragments, but by the observations by which they are accompanied—considering the imperfect state in which they were left, and the fluency of Mr. Fox in parliament, we should have been inclined to ascribe their barrenness of information, and their inaccuracies of style, to negligence of composition, and to hurry in the collection of materials. But when we are informed that “he took inde-

fatigable pains to investigate the authority for every assertion in the writings he consulted,"—that "he had reflected much and deeply over the rules of writing," that "he paid the most scrupulous attention to language,"—and that "his habits of composition were slow and careful," it is impossible to refrain from wondering that labour so uninterrupted, and enquiries so extensive, should have proved so entirely unproductive; and we consider that the magnitude of his failure after exertions so extraordinary, can be ascribed to no other cause, than an entire incapacity for every species of historical composition.

There has arisen, within these few years, a class of writers who may be appropriately distinguished by the title of the *simpletons*, the principal aim of whose ambition is directed to the laudable purpose of expunging from our language every felicity of diction, every elegance of expression, and every legitimate ornament of classical composition. The generality of the writers seem to affirm, that to be vulgar is to be simple, that the perfection of fine writing consists in a rejection of every rhetorical embellishment, and that he only is deserving of the name of an historian, who is able to describe the evolutions of a battle, to paraphrase the speeches of a parliamentary orator, and to detail the progress of a negociation, in one unvaried mediocrity of sentiment and language.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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*Memoirs of the public and private Life of Sir Richard Phillips, Knight, High Sheriff of the City of London and County of Middlesex. IMPARTIALLY compiled from authentic documents. BY A CITIZEN OF LONDON, and assistants. Hughes, pp. 160. Price 5s.*

WEARY of our task, and disgusted with our subject, we hoped to have bidden a long farewell to all the

vanities, follies and abominations of Sir Richard Phillips; and had not this impudent work been obtruded upon the public, we should have permitted that degraded man to have sunk without further animadversion into contempt and oblivion; but as he has thought proper

“To brave us to the field again,”

he shall find that—“*non revertemur inulti.*”

We are fully aware of all the little arts which Sir Richard has practised to make the world believe that these Memoirs were published without his sanction or knowledge; but he must be weak indeed, who is deceived by the shallow devices “*of the weakest man that ever walked the streets without a leader\*.*”

The improbability of any independent author becoming the champion of such a character, would have been sufficient to convince every person of common sense, that THE CITIZEN OF LONDON was either the Knight himself, or one of his venal scribes: his vanity, however, has incontrovertibly proved the fact, for how is it possible, that a stranger should have obtained Sir Richard's *private correspondence* without his concurrence? The silly Knight, in his eagerness to inform the world that he had formerly the honor of receiving a few letters from Mr. Fox, forgot that by publishing them in these false and fulsome Memoirs, he would betray his connection with the author. We always supposed Sir Richard to be “*nullius filius,*” or at least that his parentage (like most other gentlemen's who have been in the habit of attaching an *alias*† to their names) was very equivocal, but this *author* informs us that he was born in the neighbourhood of Leicester, and that his

\* Vide The Attorney General's remarks on Sir R. P.'s evidence in the cause Sir J. Carr, v. Hood and Sharpe.

† Sir Richard once went by the name of Phillip Richards.



father was "in the farming line," but who or what his mother was we are left to conjecture; probably this *wonderful animal* was supernaturally produced and had no mother.

It is the duty of a biographer not only to speak the truth, but also to relate every interesting occurrence in the life of the individual whose history he undertakes to write; and if he neglects to do so, it is the duty of a reviewer to expose his falsehoods, and to point out his *wilful* omissions.—

At page 9, we are told—that Richard Phillips "*had been distinguished, from his earliest years, for a frankness of manner,*" (OH!)—"sweetness of disposition," (OH! OH!) "and a sensibility of feeling peculiar to MEN of distinguished talents!" (OH! OH! OH!)

Again. "When at school Richard was distinguished as a boy of superior parts."—Alas, that this self-same wondrous Richard, should now only be distinguished as being "*either one of the most ———d men that ever enter'd a court of justice, or, the weakest man that ever walked the streets without a leader.*" Probably as the Attorney General qualified his assertion with an alternative, Sir Richard's biographer would rather have him supposed a knave than a fool.

Page 10.—"As soon as Richard had concluded his academical labors, his father expressed his intention of making him a sharer in *the toils* of the farm."—Pity it is that he did not comply with his father's wishes:—as a *ploughboy* he *might* have been respectable.

Pages 13 to 19 are filled with an account of a *heifer*, Nero \* the tyrant, a fly, and Sir Richard's dislike to animal food—concluding with a most *philosophical* and

\* Alas, poor Nero! as if thy own crimes were not sufficient to damn thy reputation, this *learned* biographer has saddled thee with one of Domitian's cruelties.—Ye both were tyrants; ergo, he thought ye both must have been *fly-killers*.

*energetic* appeal to the world, enforcing the necessity of following the Knight's example, and living like a Hog!!

"Abstain from flesh!" *Ricardus* cries,

"'Twill make you candid, just and wise;"

*Just, candid, wise, Pythagorean*

Feed thou on *pulse*—*roast beef* feed we on."

HUDDESFORD.

We are told by this CITIZEN OF LONDON, that Sir Richard's antipathy to butcher's meat arose from his having unknowingly eaten a bit of cow beef, cut from a beast to which he was *tenderly attached*—(affectionate soul!—perhaps some *kindred calf*) but *we know* the real cause of his abstinence to be his plethoric constitution.

At page 19 we learn, that shortly after his return from an unsuccessful visit to London, he formed a *little* plan for his future maintenance, and hired a small room in the town of Leicester, inviting the inhabitants "to permit their children to rally round the standard which he had planted," viz. "an elevated pole and a large blue flag"—probably a *pocket handkerchief*.

Now we wish to know why this *impartial* biographer neglected to mention that *previous* to this event, his hero practised divers professions, *arts* and employments at CHESTER, where he went by the name of RICHARDS\*. This was certainly, "if Fame speak

\* On the 20th of December, 1785, an advertisement (which is now before us) appeared in the *Chester Courant*, addressed to "all *serious* guardians and parents," and announcing, in most eloquent bad English, the intentions of "Messrs. Mensforth, author of *The Student's Guide in Astrology*, and RICHARDS" (now Sir Richard Phillips) "inventor of the *Lunarian*" to open a school on a *new* plan, in some rooms near the Black Dog, on January 2, 1786, &c. &c. "*Ladies and the mathematics*" (what an association!) "taught in a *private* apartment"—Doubtless by the *embryo Knight*, who, according to his biographer, was always "*a man of Gallantry*."

truth," a most interesting and critical era of his life. It was at Chester that he first *enlightened* the ignorant, and *astonished* the wise ; it was there that he foretold the future destiny of his votaries ; it was there that he perfected *the widow*, and initiated *her daughter* in certain mysteries of nature ; and it was from thence that some *ungrateful* citizens compelled him to make a *precipitate retreat*.

Another remarkable event in the history of Sir Richard, is most unsatisfactorily related : we allude to the Fire which consumed his premises at Leicester. Not the most distant hint is given of the supposed cause of the conflagration ; not a word is said concerning Sir Richard's memorable conduct on that occasion : nor is there the slightest notice taken of the effect which it produced on the minds of his neighbours : We are simply informed (at page 48) that " By some accident, the premises upon which *that gentleman* carried on the hosiery business, caught fire, and, together with his whole stock in trade, were consumed by the rapacious element." " Fortunately," the author continues, " for the subject of these Memoirs, not many months had elapsed since he had insured his property ; and thus, when every body supposed him to be totally undone, he rose like a *phœnix* \* from *his* ashes"—

Thus it appears, that Sir Richard's fortune was literally " *got out of the fire*."—

Perhaps, our biographer never heard that his hero soon after the accident, wrote to a friend, stating to this effect, " That, although it was very true the fire office had amply remunerated him for his losses, yet that it was such a glorious opportunity for *taking advantage*

\* In the year 1795, Sir Richard received 1500*l.* from the *Phœnix* Fire Office.



of the public feelings, who did not know his premises had been insured, that he entreated him instantly to promote a *subscription* in his favor," and yet we have been told, that such a letter was written, and *is not yet destroy'd*.

Sir Richard, it appears, for divers good causes, which his biographer does not choose to enumerate, left Leicester, and established a hosier's shop in London.

Page 54. Here the plot thickens, and we are introduced to Lady Phillips, in the character of a milliner's apprentice, who we are informed, "Was as much distinguished by the beauties of her person as the charms of her mind; and as Mr. Phillips was accounted a *man of gallantry*" (mercy on us!) "it is not to be supposed that he could overlook the damsel, who was esteemed the *queen* of her companions. Mr. Phillips, fearful lest lard or any other produce of the animal world might be introduced into the pastry which confectioners vend, found himself under the necessity of subsisting solely upon *plain* vegetables, for a considerable period. Of the inconvenience which resulted from this constraint upon his appetite," (*gripes* peradventure) "he complained to the lady of the house one morning when he was about to go to his shop.—On his return to dinner *the same day*," (how circumstantial!) "he was surprised to find—that a *small pie of tempting appearance* had, during his absence, been provided for him"—(what an event!) "and on enquiry, he learned that the young lady, upon whom we before passed an eulogium, was the *provedore* of the treat"; (kind soul!) "that she had heard his *complaint*, and had prepared the pastry of the pie without using any of those ingredients which he expressed a dislike for." (*Sweet sensibility*!) "Struck by the attention of the lady, and the *delicacy* of the act," Mr.

Phillips ate the pie and—*offered her his hand*. “Being,” our author adds, “a remarkably *well favoured man*, possessing a countenance the very *type*” (SHOP !! SHOP !!) “of *good humour and complacency*, and gifted with an easiness of address and *suavity of manners*, which render him peculiarly *pleasing to the female part of society* ;” (gracious heaven ! what a libel on the fair sex ! ) “it may be conceived that little hesitation was made on the part of the young lady, and accordingly, although unknown at the time to the other inhabitants of the house,” (all snug—quite snug) “the *affair was settled*, without much unnecessary delay, *between the lovers*.”—(What a perspicuous rogue is this *Citizen of London* !! ) “On the evening of the day when *this event*,” (that is *the settling of affairs* afore-said) “took place, Mr. Phillips entered the parlour, in which *all* the pupils of his hostess, and *among the rest*, his chosen fair one, were occupied at their needle work, and taking the *right hand*” (faithful biographer ! ) “of the latter, he placed on the *wedding finger*, as it is denominated, a *plain gold ring*”—(cunning rogue) “at the same time declaring that she was to be Mrs. Phillips, and *recounting to her companions and the lady of the house, what had previously passed between himself and his intended bride* ! !” What kiss and tell ! Oh *fie* ! *Sir Richard* !

At page 68, we are presented with some truly *original* information relative to the rise and progress of the *Monthly Magazine* ; (a cheap way of *advertising*, isn't it Sir Richard ? ) about one fifth part of which may be correct—A *Mr. Cumberland's* name is put at the head of the contributors list ; but it is necessary to caution our readers, that this is not the revered author of “*The West Indian*,” “*The Observer*,” and “*Cal-*

vary," but a Mr. George Cumberland, whose name being similar, Sir Richard Phillips has thought proper to borrow it, on several occasions, doubtless hoping that the public will mistake the one for the other \*.

The whole account of *The Monthly Magazine* is no more than a puff advertisement; we shall therefore only extract the following wilful, impudent and outrageous FALSEHOOD—page 70. "It has come within our own ability to ascertain that the receipts, on account of *The Monthly Magazine*, amount on the first of every month to no less a sum than fifteen hundred pounds." Now, we can most positively state that the receipts do not amount, and never have amounted, to one seventh part of that sum. For we know that less than 5000, say 4,500, are printed, and that they are sold to the trade at 1s. 1½d. each, deducting every 25th copy, so that supposing the whole to be disposed of on the first of the month (not more than three-fourths of which are so) the gross produce would only be £243.

Doctor Aikin is well known to have been the editor of this publication. Our author's account of his secession from the post is mighty curious—he informs us that Mr. Phillips agreed to give one of his authors £200 for a certain work, which not being completed in the manner he expected, he refused to pay the stipulated sum, for which an action was commenced against him—Mr. Phillips proposed to settle the business by arbitration, which being agreed to, he appointed Dr. Aikin as the arbitrator on his part, who, wonderful to tell, refused to violate his conscience in favor of his employer, and awarded the whole two hundred pounds.

\* Vide his ridiculous correspondence about the education of criminals, pompously published in all the country papers, and in the *Monthly Magazine* of last month.



to the plaintiff—At this the “honourable,” “sweet-temper’d” Mr. Phillips became outrageous.

“Passion,” says our author, “had its usual sway on the conduct of Mr. Phillips, and he upbraided the Doctor with all that severity which in similar cases he has been known to exercise.”—Page 97.

Having thus unintentionally proved, that although Mr. Phillips’s countenance was “the very type of good humour,” it was not the index of his disposition, he thus proceeds, by some unaccountable mistake, to prove him a *deliberate LIAR* \*.

“Shortly after the publication of *The Athenæum*, which appeared under the sanction of the name of ‘J. Aikin, M.D. late Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*,’ an advertisement was seen in most of the daily papers, declaratory on the part of Mr. P. of the Doctor’s never having been the Editor of ‘*The Monthly Magazine*.’ “Dr. Aikin, however,” he adds, “indubitably was the Editor of “*The Monthly Magazine*; but some allowance must be made on account of Mr. P’s extreme anger, &c.” Pages 81, 82.

At page 88, our author commences a wretched defence of his hero’s conduct towards Mr. Blore.

Arrived at the ninety-second page we *started*—not at the braying of this biographical donkey, but at the boldness and wickedness of *his falsehoods*.

“We are well aware,” says he, “that no trifling sum was paid by Mr. Blore, in order that his shabby publication might be *favourably* reviewed, in a newly established periodical work, which professes to satirise men and manners.” Meaning, gentle reader, THE SATIRIST.

How easy is it for a knave to accuse honest men of knavery, but unfortunately for *this knave* there is not a

\* We wish we could have found some other word—less grating to refined ears, but we searched in vain.

person connected with our work, who has seen, or had any communication whatever, with the aforesaid Mr. Blore. Our readers must therefore excuse us for telling him, in the words of Dr. Johnson—"Sir, *you lie*, and *you know you lie* !!"

His other observations on the Satirist are too contemptible to be noticed. We must, however, state that he has proved very satisfactorily, the truth of the old adage, "Give a *rogue* rope enough (now the sheriff can, *ex officio* obtain any quantity from his deputy *Jack Ketch*) and he will hang himself :—" Nothing can be more damning to his veracity, than his assertion that we always *puff* off the works of our own publisher, for our readers will find upon referring to the Satirist, that since our second number, none of his publications have been noticed by us; and in that number they will perceive, that we have treated "*His Exposition of Sir F. Burdett's Election*," with unusual severity.

How grateful ought we to be for the following *elegant* and kind advice :—Page 100.

"Away then you pack of *editorial* miscreants. No longer insult the understandings of the sensible part of the public; (i. e. Sir Richard and his biographer) "no longer with daring effrontery presume to declare that the numbers of your filthy production have passed through many impressions." "Alas! as Sir Richard employs the same printer as ourselves, *he knows to his sorrow*, that our declarations are true) "your fate will soon be decided;" (Lord have mercy on us) "your catchpenny title will prove unavailing, &c."

It is highly gratifying to be thus abused by a knave, who can neither write common sense nor relate two sentences of truth!

The circumstance of the horses having been taken from Sir Richard's carriage by the populace, is pomp-

ously mentioned as a proof of his popularity, but we beg leave to inform this biographer, that we know the whole business was *previously* plann'd by the sheriff and his printers, and that it was the latter's workmen and *devils* (fit appendages to Sir Richard's chariot) who performed the *dirty and disgraceful work*; although we doubt the fact of their having been *paid*, the Knight being more liberal in *promises* than *money*.

Who can forbear smiling at the following assertion.

"The prayers of the poor are daily presented at the throne of Heaven in his (Sir Richard's) behalf. The wise and the good of every rank almost, adore him." Page 144.

If this be true—how happen'd it that the Lord Mayor was ashamed to invite him to his table\*. How came the magistracy of the county of Middlesex to refuse attending at the deputy Sheriffs' annual dinner†; and why do many of the most respectable booksellers in the kingdom, so studiously avoid any connexion with him; and even refuse their subscriptions to every book which has his name affixed to the title page? The fact is, that every man in the city, from the Lord Mayor down to Jack Ketch, despise Sir Richard, and detest his principles.

Of his *honor* and *humanity*, the following anecdotes

\* At the dinner given by the Lord Mayor to the Spanish deputies, Mr. Sheriff Smith was present; but Sir Richard, to his great chagrin, was not invited.

† The Deputy Sheriffs annually give a dinner to the County Magistrates; on a late occasion, however, the latter, to shew their disapprobation of Sir R's conduct, resolved not to attend; but Mr. Mainwaring very properly observed at the Westminster quarter sessions, that as it was given by the *deputies*, and not by Sir Richard it would be proper to go, and in consequence, eight gentlemen, who were then present, accepted the invitation; but the other magistrates, not considering the distinction, absented themselves—and though dinner was ordered for forty persons, only they and the deputy sheriffs sat down. When the cloth was removed, one of the deputies rose, and addressing the chairman, said, "he hoped they had done nothing to offend the magistracy of Middlesex." Mr. M—— replied, "That



will serve as tolerable specimens.—Some years back Mr. Steel, proprietor of "*The Navy List*," advertised that it was his intention to publish a List of the British Trading Vessels.—Sir Richard, no sooner heard this, than he called upon him, and declaring he had the same intention, demanded a share in the intended publication. Mr. Steel very properly bade him walk out of his house, although he was afterwards induced to submit to the imposition. Sir Richard has also in many instances, *most honourably* acted in a similar manner.—Upon the death of Mr. Steel, he *humanely* called on his widow, and threatened to publish a *Navy List* in opposition to her, if she did not consent to give him a share of hers.—Aware, however, that the trade would not encourage such a detestable proceeding, he has not thought proper to carry his threat into execution. We also know, that Sir Richard has been in the habit of frequenting printers' offices, to obtain hints of new publications; and that he has in consequence been literally *kick'd down stairs*.—Pray Mr. Biographer, do you call these honorable proceedings?

We did intend to enumerate all the falsehoods contained in this odious little volume, but its pages being filled with *eulogies* on the wretched Sir Richard and his miserable publications, we find that our limits will not allow us to notice even a tithe, and we must therefore conclude with expressing our firm conviction that these Memoirs have been principally written by one of "*the most ——— men that ever stood up in a court of justice, or the weakest man that was ever suffered to walk the streets without a leader.*"

he and the gentlemen present, had proved by accepting the invitation, that they were not offended with the *Deputy Sheriffs*," and "Gentlemen," continued he, "I am certain, that it is not *your* conduct, but that of the Sheriffs, which has occasioned the absence of our brother magistrates."—Sir Richard also thought proper to be absent on the occasion.

*An Essay on Government.* By Philopatria. Earle, pp. 229.

Having been previously informed that *Philopatria* was no other than the celebrated Mrs. Lee, whose conduct with the odious Gordons excited so much public attention, we opened this little volume with more than usual curiosity, and promised ourselves some most exquisite sport in analyzing its contents : prejudice, however, shall never influence the criticisms of the Satirist, and candour compels us to declare, that we were most agreeably disappointed, and that we found much to admire, and little to condemn.

The subject which Mrs. Lee has chosen is extremely complex, and certainly of a nature which we never expected to see discussed by a female. Government, like every other human institution, admits not of perfection ; and the best government, as the best man, is only that which is freest from faults : the only method of forming as complete a system of policy as human infirmity will allow, is by considering the principal difficulties which obstruct the way of the legislature, and the easiest means of evading or overcoming them.

Natural reason proclaims, and the wisdom of ages agrees in establishing, as a fixed maxim, that the power of legislation is too important a trust, and too arduous a task to be imposed upon any one individual, or even on a few. Leaving absolute monarchies out of the question, as systems formed by interest not wisdom, we shall scarcely find a single nation in the annals of all ages, where the legislative power is not lodged in the hands of a body, and usually a numerous body, of men chosen either by the suffrages of the people, or by the will of the chief magistrate, or entering, of course, into the office, in virtue of some qualification of honour, wealth, or rank, as upon a

general presumption that such a body are best inclined to promote the public good, in which they are most deeply interested, and by their education and experience most likely to know in what manner to promote it most effectually.

The second of these methods, where the senate depends on the will of an arbitrary governor, has seldom been voluntarily received, and cannot be defended. Between the other two, *ad huc sub judice lis est*, no decision has been made by the superior arguments of theoretical writers, or the uniform practice of the world. Nations, respectable for their wisdom and power, have adopted each, nor have any peculiarly bad or good consequences resulted from either, that might cause the scale to preponderate.

Against a free popular election of legislators lies the argument of difficulty in securing liberty to such an election; a difficulty, the existence of which no Englishman will doubt, who has witnessed the artifices, the corruptions, and the delusions, of a Westminster, or other popular election, even restrained as they are, in some degree, by existing laws.

Even supposing it possible to secure to the people a free choice of their representatives, how does it follow that their choice would be for the advantage of their country? Are the low-bred, unprincipled, vulgar, who form the majority of every nation, and whose character the Greek political writers forcibly express by the term *TO ANOHTON*, the most capable of distinguishing merit? or are they fit to be entrusted with so important a duty, who are most ignorant of the nature, constitution, and advantages of the state, and who are, moreover, least interested in its welfare? We were glad to find that our author was not an advocate for universal suffrage; she nevertheless insists upon the necessity of instructing the vulgar, and is perhaps not aware of the difficulties and dangers of such an undertaking: many arguments have been adduced both for and against the measure, and



we confess that Mrs. Lee's, as far as they extend in the present work, are far from convincing us that it would be either advantageous to themselves or to the nation; for "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

At page 30, she observes in a note, that some not contemptible authors have supposed that a Trojan hero, descended from Æneas, was the first who planted the Island of Britain, and adds, that it appears almost as probable that the Britons were descended from the Trojans, as that the Irish are descended from the Danes. Now we do really think that such speculations are highly ridiculous: it would scarcely be more absurd if some future historian were to say, that the Britons were descended from Viscount Materosa, for there cannot be a doubt but that Great Britain was inhabited, though not so numerously as at present, long before the descendant of Æneas visited her shores, and therefore he could only have *adulterated the original British breed*, which some of our modern fair ones may, perhaps, permit the noble Spaniard to do, in the enthusiasm of their admiration of Spanish patriotism. The 13th chapter, *on influence*, contains many excellent observations, particularly on the abuses of the influence of the press. In chapter 16, she repeats the usual arguments against the slave trade. Chapter 23 contains some objectionable principles and *prejudices* relative to marriage and divorce; and in chapter 24, *on the claims of children*, she argues upon the necessity and *morality* of admitting *natural* children to all the prerogatives and benefits of those who are legitimate. Here Mrs. Lee has certainly suffered her feelings to overcome her judgment, for if this were to be permitted, would not the depraved mother always palm her spurious offspring upon the wealthiest of her paramours, and thus would the lawful heir be robbed of his inheritance? We advise her, by all means, to omit this and the preceding chapter, in future editions.

We have derived a considerable degree of pleasure from the perusal of this work, not only on account of the information and talent displayed by its authoress, but also from the satisfaction of knowing that her time has been so meritoriously employed. Her political principles are, in general, sound; her reading appears to have been extensive; and her style, with the exception of a very few inaccuracies, is classical and elegant. We can, therefore, conscientiously recommend her work to the attention of our readers; and sincerely hope that she will continue her literary pursuits.

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*Enquiries, Historical and Moral, respecting the Character of Nations and the Progress of Society.* By Hugh Murray. 8vo. Edinburgh.

The *metaphysics of man*, either considered *individually*, or in the grand aggregate of the whole *species*, have formed subjects of discussion for philosophers in all ages, from Plato down to Rochefoucault: it was left, however, for Mr. Murray to take up the subject in a *generic* point of view. Disregarding the *individual singularities* of the human race, and freeing the subject from those *universal* qualities which may, by superficial observers, be supposed to be the same in all situations, it was left for him to attempt "a moral history of man," by analysing "the manners and character of *nations*, and the circumstances on which these are dependent." In the execution of this project Mr. Murray has as yet proceeded no further than the "primitive" and "savage state" of man: he promises, however, to pursue his inquiries, provided this first volume should appear to excite a general interest on the subject. It would be impossible to follow Mr. Murray regularly through the very extensive field he has chosen for his enquiries, where the matter is so various,

and but lightly touched on by himself; a slight sketch of his principles, however, on such a novel subject, will not be uninteresting. His premises are, that the moral state of mankind, considered in the *aggregate*, is *progressive*, and as yet but in one of its stages towards perfection; he admits that nations, *separately* considered, have had, and now have, their different stages of progressive improvement; and it is these stages of improvement which he now investigates, considering them, whether in the *increase* or on the *decline*, as *single facts*, not affecting the general improvement of the moral state; or, to speak more simply, that where there is a deterioration of the moral state of man in one part of the world, there is more than an equivalent improvement in others. So far we are disposed to follow him: we also agree with him, that this is a subject not to be treated by conjectures of the *ancient* state of mankind, but by referring to the actual observations made on mankind at the present day, in which our numerous voyages and travels have given us views of human nature in every possible stage of barbarism or civilization. Mr. Murray commences with disclaiming all fondness for paradox, and objecting to all theories not founded on experiment or observation: he declares that his present ideas on the subject are *not* those with which he set out; and yet with all his detestation for theory, particularly if ill founded, we catch him, in the 18th page of his work, presenting us with a theory of the most extraordinary nature. "Upon the whole," says he, "it *almost* appears to me, that there is, in human society, a process of corruption previous to the process of improvement, and arising from the first operation of the same causes; and that every thing, which ultimately tends most to improve the character and condition of man, is positively injurious in its first operation." As Mr. Murray is only *almost* convinced of this position, we will venture to prophecy that his *future* re-



searches will not assist in his *total* belief; for of his present observations, which are very numerous, and in great variety, there is not one which either positively or analogically presents a proof in favour of it. As from many of his expressions he seems to be accustomed to medical research, and therefore equally well acquainted with the *material* as the *metaphysical* nature of animal life, we will ask him what would he think of that hypothesis which would assert, "that every thing which ultimately tends to fatten a pig is positively injurious to the health of the animal in its first operation!" Yet absurd as this illustration at first sight may appear to be, it is surely not more so than the above quoted hypothesis. Notwithstanding that Mr. Murray has *no partiality* for the subject of his disquisitions, yet he thinks it *superior* to all others in a speculative view; and here, by way of comparison, he very unfortunately particularises *astronomy*: now with all due deference to Mr. Murray's *impartiality*, we cannot avoid adhering to the old belief, that a science founded on determinate rules, supported by accurate calculations, and in its conclusions approaching almost to infinity itself, whilst it strongly excites our admiration of, and reverence for, the *one Almighty*, must still hold a decided pre-eminence over a study yet, as he himself acknowledges, in its infancy, and which *as yet* has not even been reduced to a science.

Mr. Murray certainly deserves great credit for the multifarious attention with which he has collected, or rather extracted, an immense number of facts illustrative of the moral state of man in his first progress to civilization; for the logical definition of his terms, and for the clear and accurate division of a very complicated subject, under its various heads; he has considered each specific state of man with a degree of candour, which shews him completely divested of common prejudices; and even in this

early stage of his work he has shewn in a way which no philosopher will deny, the necessity of inequalities in society, of general subordination, of partial coercion, and also the positive advantages resulting from the state of necessity in which man is placed. Yet so far as he has favoured us with his researches, we find nothing to support his extraordinary position; on the contrary, his different facts all tend to shew, that in every stage of human progress to civilization, or "previous to the process of improvement," each incipient evil has its attendant good, which by a kind of moral action and reaction, like the general laws of the immortal Newton, produce a moral equilibrium conducive to the *improvement* of mankind—

"From seeming evil still adducing good."

There are many novel ideas hazarded by this ingenious writer, particularly in page 56; alluding to the decline of literature in each several empire or state, being coeval with the political decline of the state itself, he observes of Rome: "The period which Gibbon has fixed upon as the commencement of her decline, is also that in which she ceased to produce writers worthy of commanding the attention of posterity." If the *converse* of this position is also correct, we may say that there need be little apprehension for Britain's welfare, whilst we have such writers as the author before us.

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*Agriculture the Source of the Wealth of Britain, a Reply to Mr. Mill, and the other Reviewers.* By William Spence, F.L.S. 8vo. Cadell and Davis.

That agriculture is the source of Britain's wealth is what no one has yet denied; Mr. Spence, however, has shewn some ingenuity in adopting this sentiment as the title of a book, which is to be his answer to all antago-

nists, because as he well knew no person will attempt to controvert this position; and we must observe, at the same time, because it may lead many readers to imagine that he has been attacked on *this very ground*. Mr. Spence professes here to explain all the points, "on which he has been misunderstood" by Mr. Mill, the Edinburgh Reviewers, &c. but so far from explaining *those* points, he throws himself open to fresh animadversion, by advancing positions *which are directly contradictory to each other*. To avoid the charge of misapprehension, or misrepresentation, we shall, in their place, adduce those contradictory positions.

Mr. Spence sets out with observing, "Long since convinced of the *slight importance* of British commerce, and of the futility of our enemy's attempt to injure us by destroying it, I felt indignant that my countrymen should with so little reason tremble at the tyrant's impotent decrees." With respect to the futility of the enemy's schemes, all parties are pretty well agreed; but as to the "*slight importance of British commerce*," we believe it will require more even than Mr. Spence's ingenuity, to convince the nation at large of its trifling value. But Mr. Spence says, he only wishes to convince us that *we could do without it*: true, *this* is a point not controverted, though we must still do better with it; and he himself acknowledges the same in p. 6, when he says: "Though I have denied that manufactures *create* wealth, I have attributed the greatest value to them, as transmuting and rendering permanent the wealth brought into existence by agriculture." Here he allows that manufactures are essential to agriculture; and though in the progress of the work he makes many nice distinctions about internal and external commerce, he does not deny that commerce encourages manufacture; of course commerce, depending on agriculture through the medium of manufacture, must



be beneficial to the former, in proportion as it operates on the latter : an inference so simple and self-evident, that no knowledge of the science of political economy is necessary to understand it. Mr. Spence, however, argues much from what he calls the principles of political economy ; and after bewildering himself in a maze of abstract positions and undefined terms, complains that he is misunderstood!

The first part of this pamphlet is an answer to Mr. Mill ; and here, *to remove all doubts*, he gives us his creed :

“ Believing, then, that wealth is solely *created* by agriculture, I set the highest value upon manufactures, as being *essential* to transmute the wealth produced from the soil into another shape, and to the accumulation of capital ; as having been the great stimulus to the agricultural improvements of this country ; and as being still required progressively to forward their improvements. Carefully distinguishing between manufactures for home consumption and those for exportation, I contend that the latter are not necessary to stimulate agriculture ; that the wealth derived from our commerce is of slight value ; and, consequently, that though its continuance is on many accounts highly desirable, we are independent of it ; and if we lose it, neither our prosperity, our power, nor our greatness, would be diminished.”

Here now we have no occasion to trust to deduction for a general view of Mr. Spence's sentiments ; here they are within the compass of thirteen lines : let us, then, consider them as stated by himself, as purified in the crucible of his own logical sensorium, and freed from the amalgamation of critical alloy. The result is this, that agriculture is the *sole* source of wealth, and yet that manufactures are *essential* to make it productive ! but then there is a difference between manufactures for home consumption, and manufactures for *foreign consumption*, or exportation. Now this latter *portion* of the manufacture (for Mr. Spence has not proved it to be a *different species*) is “ not

necessary to stimulate agriculture." But why? Is not the farmer as well paid for his wool, whether it is manufactured into a coat for the Bond-street lounge, or is sent to Canton to make a robe for a mandarin? To us there certainly appears no difference, nor does Mr. Spence attempt to prove his position, though he hints at some kind of distinction in the progress of his work, particularly in page 79, where he observes: "I contend that the wealth which we do derive from our commerce is in reality of little value." Here he brings up the old story of a diamond, which though sold for 20,000 quarters of wheat, yet is not *worth it*; and lays great stress on the position that tea and sugar, &c. which are received in return for our labour, are not permanent wealth; but surely, according to his own reasoning, if the desire to procure tea and sugar prompt the manufacturer to labour on the raw material of England, that labour must be a stimulus to agriculture, even although the manufactured article is exported. He also acknowledges, that "although the wealth derived from our commerce is of little value," yet still "its continuance is on many accounts desirable." Now, why a thing should be allowed by this *arch* economist to be desirable, yet not valuable, is, we must confess, to us a mystery. Such are the absurdities, however, to which even Mr. Spence is reduced to defend a system which he wishes tenaciously to adhere to, even whilst his own positions prove its futility.

In page 29 our author sturdily asserts, that "land is the sole source of revenue;" and to elucidate his position observes, "there is no difficulty in converting 100 quarters of wheat, *by the intervention of the labour of man*, into a steam-engine; but no labour can transmute a steam-engine back again into 100 quarters of wheat." He then triumphantly adds: "Thus, then, there is an essential and important difference between wealth derived from the

soil, and manufactured wealth." If by *converting* and *transmuting*, Mr. Spence means a kind of *hocus pocus* transubstantiation, we must beg leave to doubt the conversion of the wheat into a steam-engine, as well as *vice versa*; but if he really means that common-place kind of conversion, by which one thing produces another, we must confess that we see no more difficulty in producing wheat by means of a steam-engine, aye, and of grinding it too, than for the possessor of a well-stocked farm-yard to convert the contents of his barns into a steam-engine, if he wants it, into wine for his own cellar, or a piano-forte for his daughter.

His mode of ascertaining the *value* of agricultural produce is rather curious: he says: "I contend that the real value of that which forms by far the largest portion of agricultural produce, of food, is the services of every kind rendered by those to whose sustenance it has contributed *during the period of their consumption of it.*" Now from this reasoning it surely follows, that if a man receives for the execution of any job more corn or food than he can use *during his work*, the *surplus food* given to him would be of no value whatever, because he was rendering no services in return *during the consumption of it*; of course the fellow *who eats most, and works slowest*, must be the fittest to give to agricultural produce that *value* which Mr. Spence esteems so highly. But, says Mr. Spence, "(leaving a circulating medium out of the question) if a land proprietor chose to give Madame Catalani 100 quarters of wheat for singing an Italian air, it would be ridiculous to assert that the real value of this wheat was merely the song." No, surely; for, according to Mr. Spence's theory, that *part only* could be valuable which she consumed *during the song*; and we presume she could not manage more than a penny roll whilst warbling *Perder la dolce speranza*. How fortunate it is, however, that



in the common affairs of life a circulating medium is *not* left out of the question, otherwise we should see Mr. Spence himself trudging to the Opera House with a baker's basket on his head to get admission to the Catalani; but as in another part of his work he explains food to mean lodging and fuel, instead of offering to the Catalani a quartern loaf in the way of barter, he might be more inclined to ask her to sing a song by his fireside, or take a bed at his house.

In the investigation of the arguments of his opponents, Mr. Spence complains, that they argue on a principle of a *circulating medium*, whilst he attempts to substantiate his positions by supposing every thing done by *barter*. Here indeed is the grand difference between Mr. Spence and his antagonists; *they* argue from the principle of things as they actually exist, whilst *he* draws his deductions from *abstract principles*, in conjunction with his own *suppositions*. He also accuses them of not understanding his terms; and indeed we should be surprised if they did, until he explained them: for instance, in page 53, "When I say the labouring manufacturer receives only *food* for his labour, I evidently mean to include *lodging*, *clothing*, and *fuel*; and it is surprising that Mr. Mill should have required this to be explained to him."—Really, good Sir! According, then, to your own statement, "that food is permanent wealth," there still seems a trifling difficulty here; for *lodging*, unless it is in a man's own house, cannot be called *permanent* wealth after he has had his nap out; and *fuel*, if he burns it, is even much less so. Mr. Spence, however, may say with my Lord Peter, "this loaf is a good fat leg of mutton; and if you don't believe it, you may be damned to all eternity!" He then observes, "that by the food received in return for their labour, he means not merely that necessary for their own sustenance, but also that which they

transfer in payment of rent, coals, &c. ; and this being only a *transfer*, there is no *creation* of wealth." It is unfortunate for Mr. Spence, that he founds all his theories on a supposition of barter, without a *circulating medium*; had he but recollected that our affairs are *not* transacted by barter, but by gold and bank notes, or good bills in course, he might perhaps have stumbled on the truth, that the multiplication of the sign of wealth, and its transmission from one hand to the other, increasing the credit of individuals, gives to each a greater facility of obtaining even what *he* esteems *real* wealth! and by so doing has covered this happy land with houses and palaces, has intersected our fields with roads and canals, and filled our ports with shipping; all which Mr. Spence allows to be substantial property; and though tea and sugar may not be of a very durable nature, nor even wine or gin, yet the grocer in his Sunday villa on Stamford-hill, and the wine-merchant in his retreat at Putney or Fulham, will both tell him, that it all comes from the shop. The thing, then, which is productive of wealth, according to his own mode of reasoning, must be wealth, or something very like it; for he himself allows that *agricultural labour* is wealth.

In an Appendix there is an *answer* to the Monthly Reviewers, in which there is such *good use* made of the terms "ignorance," "unfounded assertions," &c. &c. that we presume they will not be in Mr. Mill's predicament, but that *this part* of the work will be perfectly intelligible.

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*Memoirs of Maria, Countess of Alva.* Miller, Albemarle-street. 2 vols. 8vo. One Guinea.

Those who are fond of romances will find much amusement in the History of the Countess of Alva, which is

certainly an interesting, though not a very classical work. Some of the characters are outrageously wicked; and the poor Countess in consequence endures hardships enough to destroy a thousand modern heroines. This work is written by a lady who has cut a very distinguished figure in the world of fashion.

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*Latin and Italian Poems of Milton translated into English Verse; and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost.* By the late William Cowper, Esq. &c. Johnson and Evans, pp. 328.

When we see a man of the late Mr. Cowper's real and acknowledged genius employed in a work totally unworthy of him, we feel as we should if we saw a highly-bred race-horse employed in drawing a hackney-coach, or carrying brickdust about the streets. Translation of any kind, even of Homer, was disgraceful to the pen that produced that incomparable and truly original poem, the Task. But translation of Anglo-Latin verse is, of all employments to which verse can be applied, the most truly degrading. The chief merit of modern Latin poetry consists in happy allusions to, and application of, phrases used by the classic writers: in short, in being, with some verbal alterations, almost a cento, every vestige of which must be lost in a translation; and being totally devoid of any pretence to originality, an English version can be only the mere shadow of a shade: not very unlike an absurd prose translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* from the French, which is now extant.

We do not exactly see the force of the reason for one omission, given in these words by Cowper. "The poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity which,



however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now:" but we do strongly see why he should not have tried to translate a vile pun of Manso, which it was impossible to translate.

"Non Anglus verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores."

"Thou wouldst no *angle*, but an angel be."

One would almost think it impossible that a man of Cowper's genius should have written so puerile a conceit as occurs in the first couplet of his translation of the verses sent to the Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture:

"Bellipotens virgo, septem regina trionum  
Christina Arctoi lucida stella poli."

"Christina, maiden of heroic mien,  
Star of the North, of northern stars the Queen!"

Certainly Mr. Cowper's "zeal for Milton carried him too far," when he asserted, that his *Epitaphium Damonis* was equal to any of Virgil's *Bucolics*. Can a servile copy be equal to the work of a first master? Besides imitations both of Virgil and Theocritus, which the classical reader will find almost in every line, the repetition of this verse is copied from both:

"Ite domum impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni."

Mr. Cowper, however, was resolved to give us some variety, and has rendered it three different ways in the course of the eclogue:

"Go seek your home, my lambs, my thoughts are due  
To other cares than those of feeding you."

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as you are,  
My thoughts are all now due to other care."

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,  
My thoughts are all now due to other care."

The second couplet is most faithful to the original, if the poem can be termed original.

Making no further remarks on these translations, we will turn to that part more congenial with Mr. Cowper's talents, his *Commentary on Paradise Lost*; and much may, at least, be expected from a commentary on our first writer of blank verse, by one whom we may almost say is our second; or, if we may apply to Milton the words of Horace :

"Nec viget quicquam simile vel secundum,"

We may at least say of Cowper,

"Proximos illi tamen occupavit

——honores."

The introduction to these remarks is, however, singularly calculated to create confusion. The mentioning the iambus, the trochee, and the spondee, with regard to verse whose cadence is solely accentual, is surely improper; but though the efficient part of our verse is accent, much of its harmony will depend on the quantity of syllables, and we perfectly agree with this position of Mr. Cowper, that "the more long syllables there are in a verse, the more the line of it is protracted, and consequently the pace with which it moves is the more majestic." And we may add, that this effect is better produced by long vowels than by syllables long by position.

It is impossible to say too much in commendation of this remark on the speeches of the fallen angels. "To invent speeches for these infernals so well adapted to their character, speeches burning with rage against God, and with disdain and contempt of his power, and to avoid in them all the extreme danger of revolting and shocking the reader past all sufferance, was indeed, as Horace says, *ire*

*per extantum funem*, and evidences the most exquisite address in the author."

One of the chief faults of Mr. Cowper, as a commentator, is that which is common to almost all commentators on a favourite writer, a desire to prove that he never can be in the wrong; from this motive it must be that he defends those lines of Milton, which offend against the rules of English prosody. It is in vain to quote unmelodious lines in the Greek and Latin poets in excuse for such anomalies. Whatever the disposition of the accent may be there, the efficient of the verse, quantity, is rigidly adhered to; but such a disposition of the accent in our verse, which destroys the cadence, is equivalent with false quantities in ancient verse.

The spinning out of the volume by notes from various authors, viz. the editor (Mr. Hayley), Warton, &c. savours a little of that art which is, in the present day, come to the acmé of perfection—the profitable art of book-making.

## NEWSPAPER COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

MR. SATIRIST,

TOWARDS the close of the winter theatres, so efficacious had been the application of your lash, that the critical empirics, whose ephemeral productions in the daily and *weekly* prints, are supposed to have a considerable influence on the public mind, scarcely dared to express an opinion more than by dubious hints and uncertain surmises, which, if put to the test, might be explained any way; but, either in consequence of your having had no occasion to castigate for the last two months, or from the circumstance of the last new drama's having appeared about the *dog-days*, the *mania* of criticism has seized them afresh, and, as



is generally the case when an ulcer has been cicatrised without being eradicated, it has again broken out with symptoms of additional virulence: under these circumstances, I am of opinion that the general *alterative* medicine, as applied heretofore, will not be sufficiently powerful, and have divided the present prescriptions into doses, for every particular case, and now entrust it to your application, in the fervent hopes that, if it does not heal the sore, it will, at least, have the effect of preventing any extension or ill consequence on the whole (public) body. But, to drop metaphor, it is really disgusting to observe with what impudent effrontery the dogmatic decisions of persons who are, perhaps, ignorant of common grammar, and who know not a sharp from a flat, or base from tenor, are disseminated. Let the glaring absurdities which are subjoined instruct the public how ridiculous the pretensions of these censors are, and how unworthy they are to fill the chair of directors of taste, and distributors of impartial justice between authors and *the World*.

#### THE AFRICANS, OR LOVE, WAR, AND DUTY.

*Performed at the Haymarket Theatre, 29th July.*

##### OF THE PLOT.

"The plot of this play is taken from a novel of the celebrated Florian, which, if we mistake not, (cautious souls!) is entitled *L'Africaine*."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The whole of the plot is taken from the French of M. Jaufret, the *Ami des Enfans* of the present day, by whom it was published some time ago."—*Morning Herald*.

"The plot is servilely taken from a novel of Florian."—*Public Ledger*.

"If he has taken his plot, as is said, from a work of M. Florian's, he has most likely been under little obligation to an author by no means celebrated for vigour."—*The Examiner*.

##### OF THE CONDUCT.

"In the developement of these incidents Mr. COLMAN has very happily displayed the great powers of his mind."—*Morning Post*.

" *This play, as our readers will easily conceive from the foregoing account of the fable, abounds with strong and pathetic situations ; but we confess that those situations do not appear to us to have been managed with so much skill as the subject allowed. There is a perpetual recurrence of a kind of dialogue, which by no means contributes to the business of the piece.*"—*Morning Chronicle.*

" *The audience expressed the highest approbation of the piece, which, from the great degree of interest it excites, and from its dramatic merits, is likely to be long a favourite,*" &c.—*Morning Herald.*

" *The principal incidents do not excite a corresponding interest ; these incidents are chiefly of the tragic kind, they are overstrained, and out of nature.*"—*Public Ledger.*

" *In the occasional situations of the characters, technically called stage effect, Mr. Colman has evinced great judgment and taste ; the agonizing conflicts of fraternal love, &c. are specimens of dramatic ability, which must always excite the admiration and applause of a sympathising audience.*"—*Oracle.*

" *The light and shade are very happily blended throughout.*"—*British Press.*

" *The only dramatic beauty he (Mr. Colman) could possibly give it, is that of fine writing, and it happens, unfortunately, that even this adds to the mass of absurdity. The play cannot rest on its own merit for support, but must depend on the good humour of the audience.*"—*The News.*

#### OF THE SYTLE.

" *Nothing can equal the vigour of the sentiments that breathes through the piece, but the beauty of the imagery with which it is enlivened and enforced, and the pathos and elegance of the language ; the pathetic strongly predominates.*"—*Morning Post.*

" *There is a perpetual recurrence of a kind of dialogue, which is neither diverting nor pathetic, and is really nothing but flat declamation.*"—*Morning Chronicle.*

" *The dialogue is elegant and nervous.*"—*Morning Herald.*

" *The two last (acts) are rather tedious in the dialogue.*"—*British Press.*

"It overflows with pathos, which does not work on the passions; and that pathos often runs into *tedious declamation*."—*Public Ledger*.

"It contains much *good writing* and pathos."—*Sunday Review*.

"It (the language) very frequently rises above, and as often sinks below the standard of a just taste. Where the heroic is attempted it swells into *complete bombast*, and throughout there is a *redundance of epithet*," &c.—*The News*.

OF THE WIT, &c.

"This piece abounds with *humour, satire, wit, and poetic eloquence*. The chief merit of the play is the *humour and fun* which belongs to it, and that is chiefly displayed in the character of Mug."—*Public Ledger*.

"Mr. Colman has opened a great fund of *low wit* in this character (Mug); it is in the true style of Mr. Colman's drollery, which delights in *contrasts too violent for genuine wit*."—*The Examiner*.

"But there are not wanting occasions, on which are displayed the most *characteristic humour*, the most *biting satire*, and the most *playful imagination*."—*Morning Post*.

"The *humour of the piece* consists in *pun*; in the modern and elegant stratagem of repeating a witty name at every moment.

'Henry Augustus Mug, of Snow-hill, turner in wood and ivory;' in the ridiculous affectation of making an African slave speak broken English, while the equally ignorant African hunter declaims, in all the pomp of poetry, and in a few songs, duetts, and medleys, where the ludicrous is attempted."—*The News*.

"It abounds in those droll felicities of expression which characterise this gentleman's (Mr. Colman's) style, and is almost *entirely free from puns*, in which he is in general too apt to indulge."—*Aurora*.

"The great applause it received was more attracted by *puns* and clap-traps than by any real merit."—*Sunday Review*.

"The *humorous scenes* with Liston form a happy relief to the otherwise sombre hue of the piece."—*Morning Herald*.

"A vein of *humour* enlivens those parts of the performance which, with less skilful management, might drawl," &c.—*Oracle*.



OF THE SONGS.

"Several of the songs are very humorous, and were sung with admirable effect."—*Oracle*.

"The comic songs are by no means so amusing as Mr. Colman's are in general."—*Examiner*.

"The songs are all attempts at the ludicrous, and although the manner caused a good deal of laughter, it was impossible, from the matter, to extract a single smile."—*News*.

"Almost all the songs were rapturously applauded."—*Morning Post*.

OF THE MUSIC.

The music, by Kelly, displays a very pleasing union of taste and science."—*Oracle*.

"The music is sweet, and displays in every part a correct and elegant taste. Its prevailing character is chaste simplicity, but it is diversified, and appropriate to the varying scene. The overture is particularly entitled to praise, as a pleasing medley of martial and serious music, and, with the airs, does great credit to Mr. Kelly, the composer."—*British Press*.

"The music affords a new proof of Kelly's taste and science."—*Post*.

"It (the music) possesses, along with much richness of composition, that variety and wildness which is characteristic of the scene. The overture is very fine, and was loudly applauded."—*Herald*.

"Some of it is pretty, but it cannot boast of much originality, and the character of the overture is perfectly English; this makes it consistent with the rest of the piece."—*News*.

"The music (is) pretty, but nothing more."—*Sunday Review*.

"The overture is Mr. Kelly's, not new, but pretty."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The music of the piece is not selected with Mr. Kelly's usual taste; it wants character."—*Aurora*.

## THEATRICALS.

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*—HORACE.

## HAYMARKET.

It was in the month of May, the season of hope, that we informed the Public Mr. COLMAN was really writing a play for the Haymarket Theatre, in which YOUNG was to perform a principal character; and we added, "When COLMAN writes and YOUNG acts, the town may expect a great treat." How the town have relished the treat, which, (relying on his taste and skill who was to be their purveyor) we had taught them to expect, it is not our business to enquire: we have only to give *our own* opinion of the entertainment, and to state in what particulars our expectations respecting it have been disappointed.

That we may be better understood in the observations which, in the impartial discharge of our duty to the public, we are called upon to make, however averse from exercising our judicial functions, the high respect and esteem we entertain for the general talents of the author, might render us, in the present instance, it will be necessary to submit a short analysis of the materials of which the piece, we are about to consider, is composed. The structure is extremely simple; but though simplicity is one essential part of beauty, it is not the only one.

The fable then of the AFRICANS, or *War, Love, and Duty*, is briefly this.

Three brothers of the Foulah tribe, who inhabit a district of Africa called Bondon, live with an aged mother, whom they all regard with the highest veneration and love. *Torribal*, the eldest, cultivates vegetables for the support of the family; *Madiboo*, the second brother, kills game; and *Selico*, the youngest, goes to mosque regularly and prays. In these frequent visits *Selico* meets with *Berissa*, the Priest's daughter: they become mutually enamoured, the parents consent to the union, and it is on the morning of the proposed wedding that the action of the piece commences. *Madiboo*, who has been out to kill game for the wedding dinner, discovers, during his excursion, a party of Mandingos, a hostile tribe, in ambush near the town. He communicates the circumstance to his brother *Torribal*, who very naturally proposes to call the Foulah tribe to arms for the purpose of repelling the enemy; but at length suffers himself to be dissuaded from this

prudent measure by *Madiboo*, who, for some reasons which do not appear, is peculiarly anxious that the marriage ceremony should take place, and is afraid that this alarm might interrupt it. Scarcely, however, are the nuptial festivities commenced when the whar-whoop is heard, the bridegroom is summoned to the field, and soon after the town of the Foulahs is seen in flames: the whole tribe are destroyed or made prisoners, except the three brothers and their mother, who seek refuge in a forest. *Selico*, wandering among the ruins of the town in the hope of discovering his bride, finds, as he believes, her mangled corse, embracing in death the body of her murdered father. Assured of his misfortune, he becomes careless of life: for five days he wanders among the slain. He is at length found by *Madiboo*, who rouses him from his torpor, by telling him that his mother is starving; that no food is to be procured; and that, if it were, they scarce dare venture from their lurking place, for fear of being made prisoners by the Mandingos, who are still encamped in the neighbourhood. To provide sustenance for his mother, *Selico* forms the desperate resolution of selling himself for a slave; and having heard that a party of English merchants is arrived at the Mandingo camp to buy slaves, he persuades his brother *Madiboo* to accompany him thither, for the purpose of receiving the purchase money. The smallness of the sum offered for him puts him in despair; when presently a proclamation is issued, offering a large reward for the discovery of some man who, the night before, had made his escape from the tent of the Mandingo monarch's favourite slave. *Selico*, heedless of consequences, persuades his brother to surrender him to the king as the violator of his female sanctuary, and he is accordingly condemned to the flames. At the place of execution two piles are prepared, at one of which the female slave is to suffer. She appears, and *Selico* finds her to be his lost bride, *Berissa*. Two or three times they rush into each other's arms, in the presence of the Mandingo monarch, who presides at the execution, and two or three times they are dragged back to the stake. When, however, the piles are about to be lighted, the old Priest, *Berissa's* father, rushes forward, and avows himself the secret visitor of the royal tent, from whence it had been his intention to release his daughter. The mother of *Selico*, attended by her two other sons, also rushes in, and falls at the foot of the Mandingo throne. The conqueror, astonished by the explanation which is made to him, confesses, that "no tale of sorrow he ever heard touched him so nearly:" he releases the lovers from the stake; and having asked an English merchant the



value of such a man as *Selico*, gives him double the sum he is rated at to begin housekeeping with—and so the piece concludes.

Now, without pointing out the minor defects of this fable, it will be sufficient to observe on the improbabilities, not to say absurdities, of its leading features. In the first place, then, is it to be conceived that any human being,—and the author has not, in other respects, represented the African brothers deficient in intellect,—could be so egregiously void of common sense, as wilfully to risk the destruction of himself, his family, and his whole nation, merely that a wedding ceremony, which, for ought that appears, could as well have been deferred to any other day, might not be interrupted? Could greater folly or greater wickedness be well imagined? Yet this is proposed by the amiable *Madiboo*, and assented to by *Torribal*, “in his severe thoughtfulness and love of justice,” (to use the words of a critic who has been industrious to *examine* and *hunt* the beauties of this piece) “and who” (according to the same writer), “though sudden in what touches his passions, is constant in what convinces his reason and his heart.” The reason and heart of this severe lover of justice, when he hears that a powerful enemy is at their very doors, are convinced then of the propriety of suffering his fellow-citizens to be found without arms in their hands, lest his brother’s bride-cake should grow stale before the priest should have pronounced the nuptial benediction: which is almost as natural as for a soldier who should see a shell coming to wait to pick up a pin before he attempted to get out of its way.

Supposing, however, such idiotism possible, what will be said of the gross absurdity upon which the principal interest of the piece depends? To save his mother from starving *Selico* resolves to sell himself. But how will this save her from starving? “Money,” says *Selico*, “will preserve her.” Can she eat, then, the coin which the sale of him is expected to produce? No; but “the purchase-money,” says *Selico*, “will procure a stock of all we want.” Supposing money to be the medium of traffic in Africa, which it is not, where, or of whom is food to be purchased? *Madiboo* has already said, that the Mandingos have not left a morsel of provisions; if they had, he might as well have procured it without money as with, since the enemy had captured or slain every one who could claim a property in any thing that might be found. And to what market is it proposed to take *Selico* to be sold? Why to the very camp of the enemy who had made prisoner every Foulah that could be seized, and in fear of whom *Madiboo* had before expressly said that he scarce dared venture abroad to seek for provi-

sions. Yet now they proceed boldly into the very midst of these enemies; who, of course might be expected to seize both the slave and seller, without troubling themselves to enquire what business brought them thither. This objection is rendered still stronger by the distinction which the author has made between the colour of the skins of the *mahogany* Foulahs and the *patent-blackening* Mandingos, as he calls them; so that it is absolutely impossible that the two brothers could appear in the victor's camp, without being instantly recognized as belonging to the conquered tribe.

On a foundation so unstable, and formed of parts so incoherent, it was not possible even for the genius and talent of a COLMAN to erect a superstructure of elegance or solidity. Parts indeed are beautiful and striking, and display the hand of a master; but considered as a whole, it is weak, deformed, and tottering; and looks as if it had been commenced without plan, and executed by several hands without concert.

In the first scene the characters of the three brothers are strongly marked and well discriminated; you perceive and feel the difference at once; nor is the distinction lost throughout the play. But we are taught to look for more from the strength of *Torribal*: after the first scene he is lost to us; and his "constancy, severe thoughtfulness, and love of justice," produce not the least exertion. The other African characters, if they may be called so, are scarcely worth notice; they have nothing in them particular: but one would think that in his tyrant the author meant to give a portrait of himself, for he is really the best-tempered black gentleman that we ever saw; and has as high notions of honour as were ever entertained by any prince of either antient or modern times. It must be allowed, however, that this is rather injudicious in the author, after he has absolutely identified his Mandingo tyrant with our arch-enemy Buonaparte, declaring him to be "the usurping king of a nation who murdered their true king because they would have no king." The sentiments and conduct imputed to the Mandingo tyrant, then, are an indirect compliment to Buonaparte; and tend, at the same time, to remove, as far as such influence can extend, the apprehension of beholding in him an universal conqueror.

As the scene is laid in Africa, there should have been something beside the uncouth dresses and arms, the *mahogany* and *patent-blackening* coloured skins of the characters, to inform us that they are African. The manners and thoughts should have been African: there should have been in the sentiments and expression a natural, unsophisticated, and characteristic wildness; but of this there was nothing, of its very

opposite infinitely too much. Put a smock-frock or a blue gardener's apron on *Torribal*, a shooting jacket on *Madiboo*, and dress *Selico* as a *babe of grace*, and they would do as well to represent natives of any part of England as of Africa.

Of *Henry Augustus Mug*, whom the author has taken from turning ivory on Snow-hill, and transported to his African desert, it is not easy to say what one should think. It is one of those extravagant caricatures which, in the caprice of genius, Mr. COLMAN delights to draw, and which no one can draw with such felicity of humour and whim as himself: but after all, the drawing is out of nature; and it would be absurd therefore to apply to it the rules of natural criticism by way of measuring its merit. The bounds of caricature, however, may be overstepped; Mr. *Mug* does not always keep within the limits of pardonable extravagance. Still, as represented by LISTON, the character is irresistibly laughable; and it would be an ungrateful task to point out the defects of the only part which relieves the sombre dulness of the rest of the piece.

As to the style of the play, we have already said that it wants character. The author, aiming to rise to sublimity, has been carried into the regions of bombast. Hence occur such passages as this:

—————" he reared his head  
Lofty in sorrow, like the aspen struck  
With thunderbolts."—

Now besides the inflation of the idea, there is an unhappy want of truth in the simile. Any tree struck by thunderbolts would be little calculated to give an impression of loftiness: and why the aspen, whose restless leaves former poets have, with greater truth, compared to woman's tongue, should have been selected for such an occasion is not easy to imagine, unless the author meant, by implication, to insinuate the everlasting qualities of that female weapon. There is something ludicrously absurd too in the expression of the following passage. *Torribal* says to his mother, who is almost frantic for the loss of her son *Selico*, "Should you rush down cataracts you'll find me by your side." This is something like the sort of encouragement that a cockney apprentice would give to his sweetheart, when on the verge of Greenwich hill, and just about to rush, hand in hand, down its \* sight-displaying declivity. In the most serious passages an unhappy idea or expression frequently borders on burlesque.—*Madiboo*, in a voice of suppressed agony, tells *Selico* that his mother is starving;—*Selico* replies, "I'll

\* Oh, I have seen such sights! Shakspeare, hem!



fight for her!"—On which *Mudiboo*, very sensibly, no doubt, observes,

"Fight for a *dinner* then, and win the battle!"

Again, when the mother is prostrate in agony at the foot of the tyrant's throne, and *Torribal* would raise her, there is something irresistibly ludicrous in *Mudiboo's* "Let her alone. Let her alone!"

The songs are very few, and very ill written; the best is a parody on the popular ballad of "*Will you come to the bower?*" and even this would be wretched but as a parody. Indeed, the songs are so entirely void of all point, and the humour of them is so stale and hacknied, that they almost confirm the report which has been circulated, and which we would willingly believe, that Mr. COLMAN is not in reality the author of *The Africans*, but has only given the piece a few finishing touches, and lent it the lustre of his name to dazzle the eyes of the public. Badly, however, as the songs are written, they are worse composed: there were no African masters to select from, and what, therefore, could Mr. KELLY do? The music, in fact, has no one quality that music should have. The only sounds that are characteristic, are the war-whoops, and we do not know that Mr. KELLY had any hand in composing them: and perhaps, if he had, he may have selected them, as one of his countrymen would say, from a set of Irish howls.

In proportion, however, as the piece wanted merit, the performance has been excellent. It appeared, as if the actors, conscious of its weakness, had resolved to support it by more than ordinary exertion, and to give its dulness a borrowed splendour, reflected from the brilliancy of their talents. It would much exceed our limits to enter into a detailed view of their respective excellencies; of LISTON, we have already spoken; and of the rest, we must content ourselves with generally observing, that the rough nature of FARLEY, the unaffected gaiety and impassioned grief of FAWCET, and the delicacy, feeling and simple dignity of YOUNG, as exhibited in their representation of the African brothers, display a constellation of merit, the lustre of which has seldom been excelled.

#### COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

*Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?*—POPE.

##### 1. The Crisis.

"The pure spirit of a true-born Englishman breathes in every

page, in every line, in every sentiment, of this admirable tract."  
—Antijacobin Review.

"The author's opinions in general would obtain more favour from considerate men, if he evinced fewer symptoms of *party-spirit*."—Eclectic Review.

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2. Analysis of the Character and Conduct of Buonaparte, by General Dumouriez ; translated by Mr. Elder.

"—All the rest of the book is *vague speculation*.—The translation is *properly made*."—Annual Review.

"We shall lay before our readers the opinions of this *clever speculatist*.—The translation is *very ill executed*."—Edinburgh Review.

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3. Tenby, and other Occasional Poetry ; by George Baker.

"Such a writer as Mr. Baker, is made by a university education, and by intercourse with the refined and lettered classes of society. Without these advantages he would never have been a versifier : with them he is *not a poet*."—Annual Review.

"The longest poem in this collection is entitled Tenby ; in which the descriptions are well drawn, and the sentiments just and *poetically expressed*."—Oxford Review.

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4. Notes and Observations on the Early Part of the History of the British Isles ; by Robert Couper, M. D.

"Mr. Couper, by his acquaintance with the Celtic, which is still spoken in the Highlands, has applied his etymological knowledge of the language to the *elucidation of some historical facts* which more immediately concern our brethren beyond the Tweed."—Critical Review.

"Dr. Couper's Notes and Observations relate chiefly to the etymologies of the names of nations and tribes which originally peopled the British islands ; and he labours *with no little success* to prove that they were all equally of Celtic extraction. In this opinion, we believe, he *differs* from many who have dived into antiquarian researches ; but we think, in general *on solid grounds*."—Oxford Review.

"Nothing that is *careless or crude*, as *these remarks* truly are should be obtruded on the notice of the public. The author has thrown *very little, if any, light* on his subject."—Eclectic Review.

"We cannot perceive that a single historic fact has derived evidence or illustration from the three or four etymologic conjectures here printed together. Wherever we pause to examine the proofs of this etymological theorist, we discern only his *negligence of literary authority*, and his credulity in *frivolous conjecture*. If he aspires to be a contributor to public utility, he must begin by withdrawing from circulation his *crude guesses* and *insupportable theories*."—Annual Review.

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5. The Eloquence of the British Senate.

"The merit of a work of this kind must depend on the *judgment* of the selector, and with this we have *no reason to find fault*."—Oxford Review.

"We are *not prepared* to pay any compliments to the principles which have directed the present editor in the choice of his materials.—If the *selection of speakers* has been *injudicious*, we think that of their *speeches little less so*."—Critical Review.

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6. Oriental Customs, Vol. II. by Samuel Burder.

"In our review for the year 1802 we gave a full and *favourable* account of the first volume of this very useful work. The volume before us is conducted with the same *judgment* that appeared in the former."—Annual Review.

"As to *authorities*, what are we to think of citing on this occasion the *customs of the barbarians* of the South Sea islands, the *Arabian Nights*, and the *marvellous adventures* of baron Tot, which can only be exceeded by those of the celebrated *Munchausen*?"—Antijacobin Review.

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7. A Sermon preached in the Chapel at Lambeth on the 1st of February, 1807; by the Reverend Charles Barker.

"A laboured panegyric upon the established church; distinguished more by an *affected dignity of style*, and confidence of assertion, than by *SOUNDNESS of argument*, or a strict adherence to the truth of fact."—Annual Review.



"The style of Mr. Barker is at once *perspicuous* and *elegant*; and his defence of the church of England, and the distinctions of the episcopal order, both *sound* and *energetic*. The *whole discourse* is *admirable*, both for *style* and *sentiment*."—British Critic.

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8. Parochial Divinity; by Charles Abbot, D. D.

"The sermons in this volume are on *interesting* and important subjects.—In the second sermon, after having recommended religious perseverance by many *powerful* and *persuasive arguments*," &c. "The fourth sermon is on confirmation, in which the *arguments* in favour of that rite of our church are enforced with *great strength* and feeling."—Oxford Review.

"The language is *often spirited, elegant, and dignified*."—Eclectic Review.

"Upon opening this volume we found it to consist of dry and *uninteresting* harangues. To orthodoxy Dr. Abbot may justly lay claim: to ingenuity, to *strength of thought*, to *energy* or *elegance* of style, in this work at least, he waives all pretensions."—Annual Review.

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9. Voyages to Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Malta, &c. from 1796 to 1801; by Francis Collins.

"Mr. Collins's performance will exhibit the feelings of a *pious* seaman under a variety of impressive circumstances; and while it *gratifies the curiosity* of the uninformed, will contribute some *addition of knowledge*, and *cultivate the most amiable dispositions*. The narrative is *often interesting*."—Eclectic Review.

"This is a *methodistical* book, and a *very worthless* one."—Annual Review.

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10. Mistakes in Religion exposed, by the late Rev. H. Venn.

"The treatise now under notice is so *judicious* and *masterly*, that it might seem, to those who have perused it, impertinent in us to become its encomiasts. And yet we are persuaded it has not obtained the extent of circulation which its *merits* demand. Some of our readers therefore it may still be necessary to apprise of its nature and *superior worth*.—The concluding chapter deserves the frequent attention of all *christian* instructors."—Eclectic Review.

"The author of this essay enforces with great zeal and earnestness, but with *little taste and judgment*, some of the most important doctrines of our holy religion."—Oxford Review.

"The *misrepresentation of scriptural language*, is equalled only by the *censorious and antichristian spirit* which pervades the whole of this little volume."—Annual Review.

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11. *Seventy Sermons*, altered and abridged from the Works of Eminent Divines; by William Toy Young.

"From a perusal of these sermons, they appear to be new-modelled with *judgment*, and to form a most useful compilation. Mr. Young's design is executed in a manner *very creditable* to him."—Oxford Review.

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